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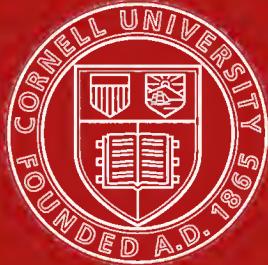
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THE SHEPHEARDES CALENDAR

*PUBLISHER'S NOTE.*

*Five hundred and twenty copies only printed for England  
and America combined. Each copy numbered.*

*No. 247.....*

# THE SHEPHEARDES CALENDER

BY EDMUND SPENSER

"

THE ORIGINAL EDITION OF 1579 IN PHOTOGRAPHIC  
FACSIMILE WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY H. OSKAR SOMMER, PH.D.

LONDON  
JOHN C. NIMMO  
14, KING WILLIAM STREET, STRAND

MDCCXC

*cm*

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T H E

# SHEPHEARDES CALENDAR.

B Y

EDMUND SPENSER.

MANCHESTER :  
THE SPENSER SOCIETY.  
1889.



# The Spenser Society.

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## NOTE.

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THIS reproduction of the "SHEPHEARDES CALENDAR" is issued by the Council of the Spenser Society by arrangement with Mr. J. C. Nimmo, who has recently published a limited number of copies of the work. The volume is an *extra and special issue*, which it is hoped will be acceptable to the Members.



TO  
MY KIND FRIEND  
THE RIGHT HON. LORD CHARLES BRUCE  
THIS LITTLE VOLUME  
IS DEDICATED  
AS A TOKEN  
OF  
HIGH RESPECT AND GRATITUDE



## P R E F A C E.

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S PENSER'S "Shepheardes Calender" was in its day a book of great interest, not only because it made the world acquainted with "the new poet," but also because it contained allusions to personages of distinction well known, and to circumstances familiar to everybody. From 1579-97, in a space of eighteen years, it passed through five different editions.

In our days the little book is still interesting, but for other reasons. Firstly, as the earliest work of importance by the writer of "The Faerie Queene." Secondly, because, as Dean Church in his "Life of Spenser" appropriately observes, it marks a "turning-point" in the history of English literature; twenty years had passed since the publication of Tottel's Miscellany, and the appearance of the "Shepheardes Calender" gave a new impulse to English Poetry. Thirdly, from the mysterious circumstances connected with its publication.

It is well known that the attempts to identify "E. K." the so-called friend of Spenser, whose commentary appeared with the Calender, have given rise to many suppositions and disputes. Some have said "E. K." means E. King; others have asserted "E. K." means Edward Kirke or Kerke, and this for no other reason than that there was a man of such name living in Cambridge in Spenser's time. Very few only, and among them

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G. L. Craik, ventured, even at the risk of being laughed at, to speak of the possibility that “E. K.” and E. Spenser might be identical.

In 1888, after the subject had been dropped for many years, Dr. Uhlemann, a German scholar, took it up again, and proved, as far as this is possible, that Spenser wrote himself the commentary, generally attributed to one of his friends.

In bringing out the present edition, it was chiefly my aim to make English students acquainted with this result. By kind permission of E. Maunde Thompson, Esq., the Principal Librarian of the British Museum, Mr. L. B. Fleming was allowed to photograph the volume.

H. OSKAR SOMMER.

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# INTRODUCTION.

## I.

### THE DIFFERENT EDITIONS OF "THE SHEPHEARDES CALENDER."

ON December 5, 1579, "The Shepheardes Calender" was entered at Stationers' Hall<sup>1</sup> under the name of Hugh Singleton, who probably bought the book from the author or his friends. As the epistle of "E. K." is dated April 10, 1579, we may suppose that the volume passed in the interval the press. Neither in the entry nor on the title-page the author's name is mentioned, but on its *verso* some dedicatory verses are signed "Immerito." The title of this original edition is this:

i. The Shepheardes Calender. Conteining twelue Aeglogues proportionable to the twelve monethes. Entituled to the Noble and Vertuous Gentleman, most worthy of all titles, both of learning and chenalrie, M. Philip Sidney. ('.') At London. Printed by Hugh Singleton, dwelling in Creede Lane neere vnto Ludgate at the signe of the gylden Tunne, and are there to be solde. 1579. 4to.<sup>2</sup> This edition contains woodcut engravings before each of the twelve eclogues, appropriate to its contents. The poem is printed in black letter, the arguments in italics, the notes in Roman type. Title (with verses "To His Booke" on the back), one leaf; Epistle to Gabriel Harvey, two leaves; the General Argument, one leaf; and the poem on Sig. A1 to

<sup>1</sup> Transcript of the Registers of the Company of Stationers of London from 1554 to 1640 A.D., privately printed by Edward Arber, 1875, 4to, vol. ii. p. 362:—

5 December [1579].

Hughe Singelton: Lycenced vnto him the Shepperdes Calender conteyninge xij eclogues proportionable to the xij monethes—vj<sup>d</sup>.

<sup>2</sup> Handbook to the Popular, Poetical, and Dramatic Literature of Great Britain, from the Invention of Printing to the Restoration. By W. C. Hazlitt. London, 1867, 8vo, p. 572.

N<sub>4</sub> in fours. There are four copies of this edition known to exist :—

1°. No. 11,532 of the Grenville Collection of the British Museum, from which the present edition is photographed.<sup>1</sup>

2°. In the Bodleian Library, Oxford.<sup>2</sup>

3°. No. 293, Capell, T. 9, in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge.<sup>3</sup>

4°. No. 427 of the Huth Library.<sup>4</sup>

The next four editions are published by John Harrison the younger, to whom, according to the Registers of Stationers' Hall, Hugh Singleton assigned the book.<sup>5</sup> The second edition is very much like the first, and the same woodcuts precede the single eclogues. It has this title :—

2. The Shepheardes Calender. Conteining twelue *Aeglogues* proportionable to the twelue Monethes. Entituled to the Noble and Vertuous Gentleman, most worthy of all titles, both of learning and cheualrie, M. Philip Sydney. : Imprinted at London by Thomas East, for John Harrison the younger, dwelling Pater noster Roe, at the signe of the Anker, and are there to bee solde. 1581. Also this second edition is rare. There are copies of it in the Grenville Collection, in the Bodleian, Trinity College, and Huth Libraries. It is similarly arranged as the first edition. The Title occupies one leaf; the Epistle to Harvey, two leaves; and the General Argument, one leaf. The volume has 52 folios. The poem is printed in black letter, the Arguments in italics, the Commentary in Roman type.

3. The Shepheardes Calender. Conteining twelve *Aeglogues* proportionable to the twelue Monethes. Entituled To the noble and vertuous Gentleman, most worthie of all titles, both of

<sup>1</sup> Catalogue of the Grenville Library, under "Spenser."

<sup>2</sup> Catalogus Impressorum Librorum in Bibl. Bodleiana, vol. iii. p. 520.

<sup>3</sup> Rob. Sinker, Early English Printed Books in the Library of Trinity College. Cambridge, 1885, 8vo, p. 105.

<sup>4</sup> Catalogue of the Huth Library. London, 1880, 4to, vol. iv. p. 1385.

<sup>5</sup> Transcript. Reg. of Comp. Stat., &c., vol. ii. p. 380 :

29 October [1581].

John harrison: Assigned ouer from hugh Singleton to have the sheppardes callender, which was hughe Singleton's copie.—vj<sup>d</sup>.

learning and chualry, Maister Philip Sidney. Imprinted at London by John Wolfe for John Harrison the yonger, dwelling in Pater noster Roe, at the signe of the Anker. 1586. 4to. Contrary to this statement, we read on folio 52: "Imprinted at London by Thomas East for John Harrison," etc. With very slight differences, arranged as the first and second editions.

4. The Shepheards Calender, Conteining twelue Aeglogues proportionable to the twelue Monethes. Entitvled To the noble and vertuous Gentleman, most worthie of all titles, both of learning and chualry, Maister Philip Sidney. London, Printed by John Windet for John Harrison the yonger, dwelling in Pater noster Roe, etc. 1591. 4to.

5. The Shepheards Calendar. Conteining twelve Aeglogues, proportionable to the twelve Moneths. Entituled to the noble and vertuous Gentleman, &c. London. Printed by Thomas Creede for John Harrison the yonger, dwelling Pater noster Roe, at the signe of the Anchor, etc. 1597. 4to. The British Museum copy contains Latin translation in MS.

In 1611, together with some other poems, the Shephearde's Calender appeared for the first time with the poet's name attached to it; this volume has the title: *The Faerie Queen: The Shepheards Calendar; Together with the other Works of England's Arch-Poët, Edm. Spenser.* ¶ Collected into one Volume, and carefully corrected. Printed by H. L. for Mathew Lownes. Anno Dom. 1611, fol. This volume is dedicated to Queen Elizabeth thus: To the Most High, Mightie, and Magnificent Emperesse, Renouned for Pietie, Vertve, and all Graciovs Government: Elizabeth, By the Grace of God, Queene of England, France, and Ireland, and of Virginia: Defender of the Faith, &c. Her most humble Seruaunt, Edmund Spenser, doth in all humilitie dedicate, present, and consecrate these his labours, to liue with the eternitie of her Faine.<sup>1</sup>

In 1653 Spenser's book came out with a Latin translation in verse:

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<sup>1</sup> In this edition the woodcuts that were made for the original edition were used for the last time. The "Faerie Queen," the "Shepheards Calendar," and the "Prosopopeia" are each separately paged. Several of the minor pieces have separate title-pages, and are without pagination.

The Shepheards Calendar, &c., by Edmund Spenser, Prince of English Poets, accompanying “*Calendarium Pastorale, sive Aeglogae duodecim, totidem anni mensibus accomodatae. Anglice olim scriptæ ab Edmundo Spensero, Anglorum Poetarum Principe; nunc autem eleganti Latino carmine donatae à Theodoro Bathurst, Aulae Pembrokianæ apud Cantabrigienses aliquando socio. Londini M. M. T. C. & C. Bedell, ad Portam Medii-Templi in vico vulgo vocato Fleetstreet. Anno Dom. 1653.*” 8vo. The editor of this translation, as well as the original, appears to have been, by the preface, William Dillingham, of Emanuel College, who in the same year was elected Master of that Society. At the end of the volume a Glossary, or Alphabetical Index of unusual words, is added. The Epistle to Harvey, the General Argument, and the Commentary are not in this edition. The whole is printed in Roman type, and contains 147 pages.

This edition was reprinted in 1732 by John Ball, with the addition of a Latin dissertation: “*De Vita Spenseri, et Scriptis,*” and an “augmented Glossary.” On the title-page below, the words: “*Typis Londiniensibus. Prostant apud Ch. Rivington, & John Knapton, Bibliop. & T. Fletcher, Oxon.*” No date is given, but the volume appeared also with another title-page, on which 1732 and the printer’s name, W. Bowyer, are given.

Besides these separate editions, the Shepherdes Calendar has been reprinted with all the editions of the complete works of Spenser,<sup>1</sup> the best known of which are Todd’s (1805), Collier’s, (1862), Hales’ (1869), and Grosart’s (1882), and with all editions of his poetical works.<sup>2</sup>

In our own time, Professor Henry Morley edited the “Shepherdes Calender,” 1888, separately, for Cassell’s National Library (12mo).

<sup>1</sup> According to the General Catalogue of the British Museum Library, there exist about ten different editions of the complete works, and about fifteen of the poetical works of Spenser; so that altogether the “Shepheardes Calendar” has been printed thirty-five times in three hundred years.

<sup>2</sup> H. J. Todd’s ed., 8 vols., Lond., 1805, 8vo; J. P. Collier’s ed., 5 vols., Lond., 1862, 8vo; J. W. Hales’ Globe ed., 1 vol., Lond., 1869, 8vo; A. B. Grosart’s ed., Lond. and Aylesbury, 1882, 4to.

## II.

### *THE COMMENTATOR OF "THE SHEPHEARDES CALENDER."*

THE "Shepheardes Calender" was from its first appearance accompanied by "the Glosse," or an explanatory commentary, written by "E. K." who professes to be a friend of the poet. Nobqdy knew who "E. K." was, and, as far as we could ascertain, about that time nobody was inquisitive to know, perhaps owing to the fact that the poet's name itself, which was naturally of greater interest, was hidden behind the pseudonym "Immerito."

Many years after—the date cannot be fixed—people commenced to inquire about "E. K." and tried to penetrate the veil with which the pseudo-commentator's personality is surrounded. Successively several suppositions were then made, till it was discovered that about Spenser's time there lived at Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, a certain Edward Kirke or Kerke, though really beyond a few dates<sup>1</sup> nothing whatever was known about this Kirke. This discovery put a stop to any further critical investigation. Edward Kirke was the "E. K." alluded to in the letters of Spenser to Harvey,<sup>2</sup> and he was proclaimed the author of

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<sup>1</sup> Cooper's *Athenæ Cantabrigienses*, Cambridge, 1858 and 1861, 8vo, vol. ii. 244-245:—

"Edward Kirke matriculated as a sizar of Pembroke Hall in November 1571, subsequently removed to Caius College, and as a member of the latter house, proceeded B.A. 1574-5, and commenced M.A. 1578." (Comp. *Biograph. Brit.*, 3804, 3805, 3814. *Calendars of the Proceedings in Chancery in the Reign of Queen Elizabeth*, Lond., 1827, fol. i. 73, ii. 125. Haslewood, *Ancient Critical Essays*, Lond. 1815, 4to, vol. ii. p. 262 and 288. W. Oldys' *Brit. Librarian*, Lond., 1738, 8vo, p. 87 and 90.—Comp. also *Notes and Queries*, 2nd Series, ix., June 21, 1860; 3rd Series, vii., June 24, 1865.)

<sup>2</sup> "Three proper and wittie familiar Letters," &c., and in the same volume: "Two other very commendable Letters," &c. Lond., 1580, 8vo.

In the letter dated April 10, 1580:—

I. "'E. K.' heartily desyreth to be commended vnto your Whorshippe: of

"the Glosse." Thus from edition to edition of Spenser's works this was repeated as a fact; nobody ever thought of going again deeply into the matter; indeed, if anybody doubted it, he was afraid of expressing his opinion for fear of being laughed at.

It is interesting to read some of the accounts given by Spenser students on this point.

Todd<sup>1</sup> writes: "Some have been led to assign the name of Edward Kerke to the old scholiast. Some also have not failed to suppose that King might be the name." He himself leaves the point undecided, and generally speaks of the commentator "E. K."

Collier<sup>2</sup> says: "The discovery of the name of a person in Spenser's own college, whose initials correspond with the 'E. K.' placed at the end of the epistle to Gabriel Harvey introducing the 'Shepheardes Calender,' puts an end to the absurd speculations<sup>3</sup> hazarded by some critics that Spenser had in fact been his own editor, and consequently his own laudator, and to the scarcely less improbable notion that G. Harvey had penned the letter to himself."

Hales,<sup>4</sup> in his biography of Spenser, says: "These poems are

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whome, what accompte he maketh youre selfe shall hereafter perceiue, by hys paynefull and dutifull Verses to your selfe."

2. "Thus muche was written at Westminster yesternight: but coming this morning, beeing the sixteenth of October to Mystresse Kerkes to haue it deliuered to the Carrier, I receyued youre letter, sente me the laste weeke."

3. "You may alwayes send them most safely to me by Mistresse Kerke, and by none other."

The other reference is in the postscriptum:—

"I take best my Dreames shoulde come forthe alone, being growen by meanes of the Glosse (running continually in maner of Paraphrase) full as great as my Calender. Therin be some things excellently, and many things wittily discoursed of E. K.," &c. (These letters are reprinted by J. Haslewood, Lond., 1811, 4to, in *Anc. Crit. Essays upon Engl. Poets and Poesy*, and in vol. i. of Dr. Grosart's edition of the works of Gabriel Harvey.)

<sup>1</sup> Todd, Spenser's Works, Lond., 1805, vol. i. p. xxi. note.

<sup>2</sup> J. Payne Collier, The Complete Works of Spenser, vol. i. p. xl.

<sup>3</sup> Rob. Nares, A Glossary or Collection of Words, Phrases, Names, and Allusions to Customs, Proverbs, etc., in English Authors. London, new edit. enlarged by J. O. Halliwell and Th. Wright, 1859, 8vo, p. 334: under "Frembd," "Spenser was probably his own commentator;" under "Mister," "his own Glossary."

<sup>4</sup> J. W. Hales, Life of Spenser, in Morris's Globe edition, Lond., 1869, 8vo.

ushered into the world by Spenser's college friend (in Cambridge), Edward Kirke, for such no doubt is the true interpretation of the initials 'E. K.'"

Grosart,<sup>1</sup> in a special article, "Notices of Edward Kirke," &c., writes: "Connecting the full name of 'Mystresse Kerke' (*bis*)—a mere variant spelling of 'Kirke'—with E. K. (also *bis*) of these letters, it has been long accepted that E. K., who was (probably) editor and (certainly) Glosse-writer of the 'Shepheardes Calender,' was an Edward Kirke, contemporary with Spenser and Harvey at the University of Cambridge. I have been unable to verify who first thus appropriated the initials; but certes such appropriation commends itself, as against the fantastic and impossible theories whereby Spenser himself is made out to have been his own Glosse-writer, the absurdity culminating in that of 'Notes and Queries,'<sup>2</sup> which gravely reads E. K. as 'Edmund Kalenderer' (?)."

More moderately, though not yet decidedly, Craik,<sup>3</sup> after having mentioned that some people advanced the opinion that the poet and the commentator are the same person, continues: "It does not seem to us to be impossible, or very improbable. Such a device, by which the poet might communicate to the public many things requisite for the full understanding of his poetry, which he could not have openly stated in his own name, and at the same time leave whatever else he chose vague and uncertain, or at least indistinctly declared, had manifest conveniences. If he had really a friend who could do this for him, good and well; but no one would know so well as himself in all cases what to disclose and what to withhold, and he would perhaps be more

<sup>1</sup> Grosart, Spenser's Works, vol. iii. p. cviii. Besides the few dates given about Kirke in the Athen. Cantab., Grosart adds, "The only other bit of new biographic fact is that Edward Kirke became Rector of the parish of Risby in Suffolk." Subjoined is Kirke's Will and Epitaph.

<sup>2</sup> *Notes and Queries*, 5th Series, vi., Nov. 4, 1876, p. 365:—

"The gloss or explanatory commentary prefixed to the earlier editions of the several eclogues is subscribed 'E. K.' intended, not improbably, for the poet himself, the initials signifying here Edmund the Kalenderer," &c.

<sup>3</sup> Geo. L. Craik, Spenser and his Poetry. London, 1845, 3 vols. 12mo, vol. i. pp. 34-35.

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likely therefore to perform the office himself than intrust it to any friend. As for the real vanity, or whatever else it may be, with which he is chargeable, it would be very nearly of the same amount whether he thus actually sounded his own praises or got another to do it for him, although the indecorum might be less in the latter case. On this supposition, E. K.'s 'painful and dutiful verses,' spoken of in the letter of the 16th October 1579, may be merely a long Latin poem addressed to Harvey by Spenser himself, under the character or signature of 'Immerito,' and transmitted in the same letter. However, it is impossible to affirm anything for certain upon this matter; and perhaps the manner in which Spenser speaks to Harvey, in a passage already quoted, of the Gloss of the same E. K. upon his *Dreams*, may seem rather adverse to the conclusion that he is himself that friendly commentator. At the same time it is strange that even in writing to Harvey he should always so carefully keep to this imperfect mode of indication; he is not in the habit of naming Sidney or Dyer and his other friends by their initials; it seems impossible not to infer that there is some mystery—that more is meant than meets the eye."

So far the opinions or statements of those who by an intimate acquaintance with Spenser's poetry ought to be best qualified to decide the question who "E. K." was; but can any critic be satisfied with them? They all agree that "E. K." must have been an intimate and chosen friend of the poet, as every page of the Gloss shows, and that for no other reason than that this "E. K." describes himself as such, and because they cannot reconcile themselves with the idea that Spenser could have been capable of such an action. Supposing they were all right, why did not Spenser in later years, when it was long known that he wrote the *Eclogues*, disclose also his friend's name? The devoted friend is nowhere mentioned after 1580 in any of Spenser's writings. If Spenser was anxious to conceal that he wrote the "Glosse," must we not naturally imagine that he did all in his power to make the illusion complete,<sup>1</sup> and to avoid as far as he

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<sup>1</sup> The remarks, therefore, which Spenser makes in the letter already published in 1580 about E. K. are of no value at all.

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could everything that might lead to a disclosure? Further, the initials "E. K." were connected with a certain Edward Kirke for no other reason than that he was a contemporary of the poet. Nobody has ever proved that a friendship existed between Kirke and Spenser, but the enigma, one must admit, can through this hypothesis be very conveniently explained. I do not think that I am unjust in saying all those statements, Craik's excepted, are bare of any criticism, for if there were no reasons to be found for the identity of Spenser and Kirke, certainly it is no less absurd speculation to advance the one hypothesis than to be in favour of the other; and however strange it may appear to us if we read "E. K.'s" epistle, and see him spoken of by Spenser in the letters referred to above, it is neither impossible nor improbable, but a fact, that Spenser wrote the "Glosse" without being guilty of any contemptible action. As all great poets, Spenser was in advance of his age. He saw clearly in his mind the difficulties with which he would have to contend in appearing before the world, unknown, in controversy with the existing opinions and fashions, a declared enemy of the University pedantry and the affectations of the Court. Fully conscious of his poetical abilities, and feeling that he was destined to fulfil a literary mission, he wrote the Commentary, in order to draw the attention of his contemporaries to his work, to be better able to point out to them how he meant to deal with style and form.<sup>1</sup> To successfully reach his purpose, he profited by the love of mystery and allegory, a

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<sup>1</sup> Spenser intended to introduce pastoral poetry into England (though this had already been attempted long before him by the Benedictine monk Alexander Barclay and others; comp. Sommer, *Erster Versuch über die englische Hirten-dichtung*, Marburg, 1888, 8vo, p. 20); hence his defence of this "new" kind of poetry and his detailed description in the Epistle to Harvey. Publishing some years later the first books of the "Faerie Queene," he accompanied them by a preface in the shape of a letter to Raleigh: "Sir, knowing how dontfully all Allegories may be construed [perhaps he had some experience from his "Shephearde's Calender"], and this book of mine . . . being a continued Allegory, . . . I have thought good, as well for avoyding of gealous opinions and misconstructions, as for your better light in reading thereof, . . . to discover vnto you the general intention and meaning, which in the whole course thereof I have fashioned. . . ." Had he thought it wise to disclose his name in 1579, he would have commenced his preface in very much the same way.

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prominent feature of Elizabethan literature, and I believe did no great wrong.

I shall now proceed to adduce, following Uhlemann,<sup>1</sup> arguments that my supposition concerning "E. K." is correct.

i. The recent investigations and researches by Kluge and Reissert<sup>2</sup> concerning Spenser's sources, both published in the *Anglia*, have shown that the commentator's references to the poet's authorities are in several cases inaccurate or even wrong. As I shall perhaps have an opportunity of treating more fully about this subject later, it may here suffice to give a few examples. In the eleventh eclogue, "E. K." says Spenser has copied or imitated Theocritus, whereas Kluge proves that Mantuan has been the poet's model. In the twelfth eclogue a few verses are said to have been taken from Vergil, but actually they are taken from Marot, &c. How can these facts be accounted for, especially if we bear in mind that "E. K." is generally accurate to the detail? Very well, when we assume that "E. K." is Spenser himself. In the "Epistle" the sources are all stated as Theocritus, Vergil, Mantuan, Petrarcha, Boccaccio, Marot, Sanazarus, and "also divers other excellent both Italian and French Poetes, whose foting this Author every where followeth;" "yet," he continues, "so as few, but they be well sented can trace him out." For this latter reason, Spenser thought it necessary to here and there point out to his readers the very passages he imitated, and this he did from memory, not having his models at hand, and thus we can explain why his quotations are not always correct and complete. Besides, to judge Spenser, we must adopt another point of view than we would as regards a modern poet. The literary decorum was in the sixteenth century different. Poets profited by their predecessors more than we would consider decent now-a-days, and they did not take care to quote their authorities. So, e.g., Chaucer and Lydgate did, as Kissner, Ten Briuk, and Koeppel have proved. Compared to them

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<sup>1</sup> Dr. Uhlemann, Der Verfasser des Kommentars zu Spenser's "Shephearde's Calender," Jahresbericht, No. xiii. des Königl. Kaiser Wilhelms Gymnasiums zu Hannover, 1888, Progr. No. 292.

<sup>2</sup> Kluge, *Anglia*, vol. iii. pp. 266-274; Reissert, *Anglia*, vol. ix. pp. 205-224.

Spenser has been scrupulous. The illustrious poet Alexander Pope, many years after Spenser, did a far greater wrong by giving such references to his models as were intended to mislead his readers.

2. In his notes to the Eclogues of January, October, and November, "E. K." refers often to the writings of Plato. He quotes especially the Dialogues "Alcibiades," "De Legibus," and "Phaedon." All these references, particularly those in the first and tenth Eclogue, show distinctly that their writer was intimately acquainted with Plato's works. Such a knowledge of Plato was in Spenser's age by no means so common as in our days; but of Spenser we know from his own statements (comp. Preface to the "Faerie Queene"), and from Bryskett's "Discourse of Civill Life"<sup>1</sup> written between 1584-89, that he was well versed with Greek philosophy, and devoted himself with zeal and pleasure to the study of Plato. Also in his "Fowre Hymnes"<sup>2</sup> Spenser expresses thoughts concerning true love very similar to those expressed on this subject in his notes to the Eclogues of January; and these hymns, though only published in 1596, were partly written in his earlier days, as he states in his preface, "Having in the greener times of my youth composed these former Hymnes in the praise of Love and Beautie." Is it after these reflections not more reasonable to suppose that Spenser himself wrote the Commentary than to attribute it to an "E. K.," about whom and about whose knowledge of Plato we have no knowledge whatever?

3. Between the Epistle to G. Harvey and the text of the

<sup>1</sup> Lodowick Bryskett's Discourse of Civill Life: "Yet is there a gentleman in this company, whom I have had often a purpose to intreat, that as his leisure might serve him, he would vouchsafe to spend some time with me to intrust me in some hard points which I cannot of myselfe understand; knowing him to be not only perfect in the Greek tongue, but also very well read in Philosophie both morall and naturall" (Todd's Life of Spenser, vol. i. p. lviii.).

<sup>2</sup> Compare, e.g., the 26th stanza:—

"For love is Lord of truth and loialtie,  
Lifting himselfe out of the lowly dust  
On golden plumes up to the purest skie,  
Above the reach of loathly sinful lust," &c.

"Shepheardes Calender" is the "General Argument of the Whole Book," treating chiefly of the history of the "Calender." An article about the signification of the word "eclogue," which, according to "E. K.," has etymologically to be spelled "aigloga," concludes with the words, "Other curious discourses hereof I reserve to greater occasion." What greater occasion is meant? There appears to be a reference to some unpublished treatise on poetry. Of an "E. K.," whoever he may be, we do not know by any record that he ever wrote or intended to write such a work; but Spenser had finished about that time his unfortunately lost work, "The English Poet," which is described as to its title and contents in the Eclogue of October: "In Cuddie is set out the perfect pattern of a Poet, which, finding no maintenance of his state and studies, complaineth of the contempt of Poetrie, and the causes thereof: Specially haying bene in all ages, and even the most barbarous, alwaies of singular account and honour, and being indeed so worthie and commendable an art, or rather no art, but a divine gift and heavenly instinct not to be gotten by labour and learning, but adorned with both; and poured into the witte by a certaine Enthousiasmos and celestiall inspiration, as the Author hereof else where at large discourseth in his booke called 'The English Poet,' which booke being lately come in to my hands, I minde also by God's grace, upon further advisement to publish." From this we may conclude that one part of the lost work, "The English Poet," treated about the high vocation of the poet. In the "glosse" to the eclogue of October, "E. K." terminates a long remark to the words "For ever," thus: "Such honour have Poets alwayes found in the sight of Princes and noble men, which this author here verie well sheweth, as else where more notably." This "else where" can only refer to "The English Poet," as none of Spenser's works which we possess treats a similar subject, and among his lost ones it can only allude to "The English Poet." As it is impossible to find any trace of such a work by an "E. K.," I think we may reasonably suppose that "E. K." is Spenser.

4. One may say that the arguments hitherto given are not

absolutely convincing; the following is certainly so. In the notes to the Eclogue of May, "E. K." mentions as source for the verses:

"Tho with them wends what they spent in cost,  
But what they left behind them is lost,"

an epithet of Sardanapalus, which Cicero thus translates:

"Hæc habui quæ edi, quæque exaturata libido,  
Hausit, at illa manent multa ac præclara relicta."

"These verses may thus be rendered into English," continues "E. K."

"All that I eate did I joy, and all that I greedily gorged :  
As for those many goodly matters leaft I for others."

As it is obvious, the English translation is an imitation of the Latin distich. Now we know from the correspondence between Harvey and Spenser that the former endeavoured to introduce antique metres into English poetry, and that the latter attempted to carry out these theories.<sup>1</sup> Is not this a reason to attribute the translation of the Latin distich rather to Spenser than to an unknown person? Fortunately we have in this case a certain proof at hand. In the letter dated April 10, 1580, Spenser communicates a little poem to his friend Harvey, in which he tried the antique metre, and says: "Seeme they comparable to those two which I translated you extempore in bed, the last time we lay togither in Westminster?

"That which I eate did I joy, and that which I greedily gorged,  
As for those many goodly matters leaft I for others."

This translation corresponds to that owned by "E. K." word for word—except for the change of "all that" to "that which,"—and this proves that "E. K." and Spenser are identical.

Further, in the Eclogue of April, "E. K." or Spenser remarks: "Bay branches be the signe of honour and victorie, and there-

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<sup>1</sup> Letter of October 15, 1579, ". . . I am, of late, more in love wyth my Englishe versifying, than with ryming: whyche I should have done long since, if I would then have followed your councell."

fore of mightie conquerours worne in their triumphs, and eke of famous poets, as saith Petrarch in his Sonets :—

“ Arbor vittoriosa triomphale,  
Honor d’Imperatori et di Poeti,” etc.

The same Italian verses are quoted in Harvey’s third letter to Spenser, where he says, in order to encourage his friend : “ Think upon Petrarch’s Arbor vittoriosa triomfale, Onor, etc., and perhappes it will advaunce the wynges of your Imagination a degree higher.” Harvey thus apparently takes it for granted that Spenser is well versed with the said verses of Petrarch, and this either because of his personal intercourse and correspondence with hin, or because he knew that Spenser was the writer of the “ Glosse ” to the “ Shepheardes Calender,” which latter is under the circumstances more probable.<sup>1</sup>

The identity of “ E. K. ” with Edmund Spenser is nowhere in contradiction with the form and the contents of the commentary.

If we allow that Spenser wrote the commentary, we can understand the enthusiastic tone of the “ General Argument,” and of the note to the words “ For ever,” in the tenth Eclogue. A mere commentator would never have been so deeply penetrated with a sense of the high vocation and importance of the poet.

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<sup>1</sup> Searching in *Notes and Queries*, I came across the following suggestion, Sept. 9, 1854, 1st Series, vol. x. pp. 204-205 : “ In the ‘ Glosse ’ of the Eclogue of April, Rosalind is spoken of as deserving to be commended to immortality as much as Myrto or Petrarch’s Laura, ‘ or Himera the worthy poet Stesichorus his idol, upon whom he is said so much to have doted, that in regard of her excellencie, he scorned and wrote against the beautie of Helena. For which his presumptuous and unheedie hardinesse, he is sayd by vengeance of the gods, threat being offended, to have lost both his eies.’ If we compare these latter lines with verses 919-924 of ‘ Colin Clout’s come home againe :’—

‘ And well I wote, that oft I heard it spoken,  
How one, that fairest Helene did revile,  
Through iudgement of the gods to been ywroken,  
Lost both his eyes and so remaynd long while,  
Till he recanted had his wicked rimes,  
And made amends to her with treble praise,’

we are led to think that both came from the same pen.”

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It no longer excites surprise that the merits of G. Harvey, not to mention others,<sup>1</sup> are so much expounded in the Epistle and in the notes. If "E. K." were not Spenser himself, he would have carefully avoided darkening the poet by praising others at his expense, but Spenser doing it himself simply expressed his gratitude to his best friend Harvey.

Thus we now know that "E. K." means Edmund Spenser, and this result enables us to say that all allusions to the life and works of Spenser contained in the "Glosse" are genuine and valuable material for the completion of his biography, whereas the letters between him and Harvey have to be used with great care. But it still continues an open question why Spenser took these letters, or what is meant by them. Most probably this will remain an enigma, like the mysterious "W. H." of the dedication to Shakspere's Sonnets.

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<sup>1</sup> Eclogue for January : Sir Tho. Smith ; in the third Eclogue : Angelus Politianus.



*THE  
Shepheardes Calender  
Conteyning twelue Eglogues proportionable  
to the twelve monethes.*

*Entituled  
TO THE NOBLE AND VERTV-  
ous Gentleman most worthy of all titles  
both of learning and cheualrie M.  
Philip Sidney.  
(.)*



*AT LONDON.  
Printed by Hugh Singleton, dwelling in  
Creede Lane neere vnto Ludgate at the  
signe of the gylden Tunne, and  
are there to be sold.  
1579.*





TO HIS BOOKE.

Goe little booke: thy selfe present,  
As child whose parent is vnkent:  
To him that is the president  
Of noblesse and of cheualree,  
And if that Enuie barke at thee,  
As sure it will, for succoure flee  
Under the shadow of his wing,  
And aske who thee forth did bring,  
A shepheards swaine saye did thee sing,  
All as his straying flocke he fedde:  
And when his honor has thee redde,  
Craue pardon for my hardyhedde.

But if that any aske thy name,  
Say thou wert base begot with blame:  
For thy thereof thou takest shame.  
And when thou art past ieopardee,  
Come tell me, what was sayd of mee:  
And I will send more after thee.

Fmmerito.



## The generall argument of the whole booke.



Ittle I hope, needeth me at large to discourse the first Originall of Æglogues, haing alreadie touched the same. But for the wword Æglogues I knowv is vnkownen to most, and also mistaken of some the best learned (as they think) I vvyll say some what thereof, being not at all impertinēt to my present purpose.

They vvere first of the Greckes the inventours of them called Æglogij as it were ἄλιγον or ἄλιπόμενον λαλητι, that is Gotcheards tales. For although in Virgile and others the speakers be most shepheards, and Gotcheards, yet Theocritus in whom is more ground of authoritie, then in Virgile, this specially from that deriuing, as from the first head and vvelspring the vvhole Inuentio[n] of his Æglogues, maketh Gotcheards the persons and authors of his tales. This being, vwho seeth not the grossesse of such as by colour of learning would make vs beleue that they are more rightly termed Eclogai, as they vwould say, extraordinary discourses of vnecessarye matter, vwhich disinition albe in substance and meaning it agree with the nature of the thing, yet nowh[er]e answreth with the *ἀλιγων*, and interpretation of the word. For they be not termed Eclogues, but Æglogues, vvhich sentence this authour very vwell offenseth, vpon good judgement, though indeede few Gotcheards haue to doe herein, nethercalle doubteth not to cal the by the vied and besi knouuen name. Other curious discourses hereof I reserue to greater occasion. These xij. Æglogues every where answering to the seasons of the twelue monethes may be vwell deuided into thre forme[s] or ranckes. For eyther they be Plaintive, as the first, the sixt, the eleuenth, & the twelfth, or recreatiue, such as al those be, vvhich concerne matter of loue, or commendation of special personages, or Moral: vvhich for the most part be mixed with some Satyrical bitternesse, namely the second of reverence devve to oldage, the fift of coloured deceipt, the seventh and ninth of diuise shewsheds & pastours, the tenth of contempt of Poetrie & pleasant vvis. And to this diuisiō[n] may euerie thing herein be reaonably applyed: A few onely except, vwhose speciall purpose and meaning I am not priuie to. And thus much generally of these xij. Æglogues. Now vwill vve speake particularly of all, and first of the first, vwhich he calleth by the first monethes name Ianuarie: wherin to some he may seeme sowly to haue faulted, in that he eroniously beginneth with that moneth, vvhich beginneth not the yeare. For it is wel known, and stouterly mainteyned vwith stronge reasons of the learned, that the yeare beginneth in March, for then the sonne reneweth his finished course, and the seasonable spring refre sheth the earth, and the plesaunce thereof being buried in the sadness of the dead winter nowv vvorne avvay, reliueth. This opinion mayntaine the olde Astrologers and Philosophers, namely the reverend Andro, and Macrobius in his holydayes of Sauiour, which account also vvas generally obserued both of Grecians and Romans. But sauing the leue of such learned heads, vve mayntaine a custome of countynge the seasons from the moneth Ianuary, vpon a more speciaill cause, then the heathen Philosophers ever coulde conceiue, that is, for the incarnation of our mighty Sauiour and eternall redeemer the L. Christ, vho as then renewing the state of the decayed vworld, and returning the copasse of expired yeres to theyr former date and first commencement, left to vs his heires a memoriall of his birth in the ende of the last yere, and beginning of the next, vwhich recko[n]ing, beside that eternall monument of our saluation, leaueth also yppen good prooef of

special iudgement. For albeit that in elder times, vwhen as yet the eompt of the yere was  
not perfected, as afterwarde it was by Iulius Cæsar, they began to tel the monethes from  
Marches begining, and according to the same God (as is sayd in Scripture) comaunded  
the people of the Ieyses to count the moneth Abil, that vvluch vye call March, for the  
first moneth, in remembraunce that in that moneth he brought them out of the land of  
Ægypt: yet according to tradition of latter times it hath bene oþerwysse obserued, both  
in government of the church, and rule of Mightyest Realmes. For from Iulius Cæsar  
vwho first obserued the leape yeere vvhich he called Bissextilem Annum, and brought in  
to a more certaine course the odde wvanding dayes vvhich of the Greckes vvere called  
*εβδομήνια*, of the Romanes intercalares (for in such matter of learning I am forced to  
use the termes of the learned) the monethes haue bene nombréd xii. vvhich in the first  
ordinaunce of Romulus vvere but tenne, counting but CCCiiij. dayes in every yeare,  
and beginning with March. But Numia Pompilius, vvhio vvas the fater of al the Romain  
ceremonies and religion, seeing that reckoning to agree neither wvith the course of the  
sonne, nor of the Moone, therewnto added two monethes, January and February: wherin  
it seemeth, that vvhicke king minded vpon good reason to begin the yeare at Ianuarie, of  
him therefore so called tanquam Ianua anni the gate and entraunce of the yere, or of  
the name of the god Janus, to which god for that the old Paynims attributed the byrth &  
beginning of all creatures nevr comming into the wvorlde, it seemeth that he therfore  
to him assigned the beginning and first entraunce of the yere. vvhich account for the  
most part hath hethereto continuéd. Notwithstanding that the Ægyptians beginne their  
yeare at September, for that according to the opinion of the best Rabbins, and very pur-  
pose of the scripture selſe; God made the wvorlde in that Moneth, that is called of them  
Tisri. And therefore he comaunded them, to keepe the feaste of Pavilions in the end of  
the yere, in the xv. day of the seventh moneth, vvhich before that time was the first.

But our Authour respecting nether the subtilitie of thone parte, nor the antiquite of  
thodher, shinketh it fitte, according to the simplicitie of common ynderstanding, to be-  
gin wvith Ianuarie, wvening it perhaps no decorū, that Sepheard should be seene in mat-  
ter of so deepe insight, or canuale a case of so doubtful judgment. So therefore beginneth  
he, & so continueth he throughout.



# To the most excellent and learned both

Orator and Poete, Mayster Gabiell Haruey, his  
verie special and singular good frend E. K. commen-  
deth the good lyking of this his labour,  
and the patronage of the  
new Poete.  
(:)



NCOVTHE VNKISTE, Sayde the olde famous Poete Chaucer: vwhom for his excellencie and wunderfull skil in making, his scholler Lidgate, a wyorthy scholler of so excellent a maister, calleth the Loadstaare of our Language: and vwhom our Colia clout in his Abloguge calleth Titurus the God of shepheards, comparing hym to the worthines of the Roman Thyrus Virgile. VVhich proverbe, myne owne good friend Ma. Haruey, as in that good old Poete it serued vwell Pandares purpose, for the bolstering of his baudy biocage, so very vwell taketh place in this our nevv Poete, vvhio for that he is vncouthe (as said Chaucer) is vnlit, and vknown to most me, is regarded but of sevv. But I dout not, so soone as his name shall come into the knovvledg of men, and his vvorthisnes be sounded in the tromp of fame, but that he shall be not onely kiste, but also beloued of all, embraced of the most, and vvronde at of the best. No lefft I thinkke, deserueth his vrituiesse in detising his pithinessse in vteringe his complaints of loue so louely, his discourses of pleasure so pleafantly, his pastorall rudenesse, his morall vvisenesse, his devre obseruynge of Decorum euerie vwhere, in personages, in seasons, in matter, in speach, and generally in al seemely simplicite of handeling his matter, and framming his vvordes: the vwhich of many thinges which in him be straunge, I knowvvill seeme the straungest, the vwordis them selues being so auncient, the knitting of them so short and intricate, and the vwhole Periode & compasse of speache so delightforne for the roundenesse, and so graue for the straungenesse. And firste of the vwordes to speake, I graunt they be someting hard, and of most men vnused, yet both English, and also vsed of most excellent Authors and most famous Poetes. In vwhom vhenas this our Poet hath bene much traueilid and throughly redd, hovv could it be, (as that wyorthy Orator Sayde) but that vvalking in the sonne although for other cause he vvalked, yea needes he mough be sunburst, and having the sound of those auncient Poetes still ringing in his eares, he mough needes in singing hit out some of theye tunes. But whethir he vseth them by such casuallte and custome, or of set purpose and choysse, as thinking them fittest for such rusticall rudenesse of shepheards, eyther for that theyr rough sounde vwould make his rymes more ragged and rustical, or els because such olde and obsoleete wordes are most vsed of country folke, sure I think, and think I think not amisse, that they bring great grace and, as one vwould say, auctoriti to the verse. For albe amongst many other faultes it specially be obiected of Valla against Liuic, and of other against Saluste, that vyth ouer much studie they affect antiquitie, as coueting thereby credence and honor of elder yeres, yet I am of opinion, and eke the best learned are of the lyke, that those auncient solemne wordes are a great orname[n]t both in the one & in the other, the one labouring to set forth in hys worke an eternall image of antiquitie, and the other carefully discoursing matters of gravitie and importaunce. For if my memo ry sayle not, Tullie in that booke, vwherein he endeuoureth to set forth the patente of a

¶.ij.

E

## *Epistle.*

perfect Oratour, sayd: that ofttimes an auncient worde maketh the style seeme gracie, and as it were reuertend: no otherwise then vve honour and reverence gray heares for a certain religiouse regard, which we haue of clde age. yet neither every where must old words be stulfed in, nor the common Dialecte and maner of speaking so corrupted therby, that as in old buildings it serue disorderly & ruinous. But all as in most exquisite pictures they vse to blaze and portraict not onely the daintie lineamentes of beautye, but also rounde about it to shadow the rude thickets and craggy clifts, that by the basenesse of such parts, more excellency may accrue to the principall; for ofttimes we fynde ourselues, I knowe not hovv, singularly delighted with the shewe of such naturall rudenesse, and take great pleasure in that disorderly order. Even so doe those rough and harsh terms enlumine and make more clearly to appearē the brightnesse of braue & glorious vvords. So ofttimes a dischordē in Musick maketh a comely concordance: so great delight tooke the worthy Poete Alceus to behold a blemish in the ioynt of a welshaped body. But if any vwill rashly blame such his purpose in choyse of old and vnvornted vvords, him may I more iustly blame and condigne, or of vvitlesiſe headinesse in judgynge, or of heedelesiſe hardinesse in condemning, for not marking the compasse of hys bent, he vwil judge of the length of his cast, for in my opinion it is one special prayse, of many vvhich are dew to this Poete, that he hath laboured to restore, as to theyr rightfull heritage such good and naturall English words, as haue ben long time out of use & almost cleare dishanted. VVhich is the onely cause, that our Mother tonge, which truely of it self is both ful enough for prose & stately enough for verse, hath long time ben couted most bare & barrein of both. which defauk when as some endeavoured to salue & recure, they patched vp the holes with peces & rags of other languages, borrowing here of the french, thicre of the Italian, euery where of the Latine, nor vveighing hovv il, those tongues accorde vvhith themselues, but much vvorſe vvitli ours: So now they haue made our English tonge, a gallimaufray or hodgepodge of al other speches. Other some no so wel ſeme in the English tonge as perhaps in other lan- guages, if the happen to here an olde vvord albeit very naturall and ſignificant, crye out ſtrayght way, that we ſpeak no English, but gibbrifh, or rather ſuch, as in old time Euāders mother ſpake, vvhofe full shame is, that they are not ashamed, in their own mother tonge ſtranglers to be counted and alienies. The ſecond shame no leſſe then the firſt, that whae ſo, they vnderſtand not, they ſtrayght way deeme to be ſenclieſſe, and not at al to be vri- derode. Much like to the Mole in Aſopes fable, that being blynd her ſelfe, vwould knowe perſiuided, that any beſt could ſee. The laſt more ſhameful then both, that of their owne country and natural ſpeach, vvhich together vvhith their Nourees milk they ſucked, they haue ſo base regard and baſtard iudgement, that they vwill not onely themſelues not labor to garniſh & beautifie it, but alſo repine, that of other it ſhould be embel- liſhed. Like to the dogge in the maunger, that him ſelfe can eate no hay, and yet barketh at the hungry bullock, that ſo faine vwould ſeede: vvhofe curiſh kind though cannot be kept from barking, yet I conne them thanke that they refrain from byring.

Now for the knitting of ſentences, vvhich they call the ioynts and members therof, and for al the compasse of the ſpeach, it is round vwithout toughneſſe, and learned wyth- out hardines, ſuch indeeđe as may be perceived of the teſte, vnderſtoode of the moſte, but iudged onely of the learned. For vwhat ia most English wryters vſeth to be loſſe, and as it were vngyrd, in this Author is well grounded, finely framed, and ſtrongly truffed vp together. In regard wheroſ, I ſcorne and ſpuie out the rakeshellye route of our ragged tymers (for ſo theſelues vſe to hunt the letter) vvhich vwithout learning boſte, vwithout judgement

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judgement iangle, vvhichout reason rage and sorre, as if some instinct of Poeticall spirite had nevly rawished them aboue the meanenesse of commen capacite. And being in the middest of all theyr brauery, sodenly cyther for want of matter, or of ryme, or hauing forgotten theyr former conceipt, they seeme to be so pained and traunced in theyr remembrance, as it vvere a woman in childebirth or as that same Pythia, vhen the traunce came vpon her.

Os rabidum sera cords domans &c.

Neithelesse let them a Gods name feede on theyr ovne folly, so they seekte not to darcken the beames of others glory. As for Colin, vnder whose person the Author selfe is shadowved, howv surre he is from such vaunted titles and glorious shovves, both him selfe sheweth, wher he sayth,

Of Muses Hobbin, I conne no skill.

Enough is me to paint out my vnrest, &c.

And,

And also appeareth by the basenesse of the name, vwherein he semeth, he chose rather to vnfold great matter of argumen̄ cōterly, then professing it, not suffice thereto accordingly. vvhich moued him rather in Eglogues, then other wise to vwrite, doubting perhaps his habilitie, which he little needed, or mynding to furnish our tongue vwith this kinde, wherein it faulteth, or following the example of the best & most auncient Poetes, which devised this kind of wryting, being both so base for the matter, and homely for the manner, at the first to trye theyr habilitie? and as young birdes, that be nevly crept out of the nest, by little first to proue theyr tender wryngs, before they make a greater flyght. So flevv Theocritus, as you may perceiue he vyas all ready full fledged. So flevv Virgile, as not yettwell feeling his wryngs. So flevv Mantuane, as being nor full sound. So Petrarque. So Boccace. So Mazot, Sanazarus, and also diuers other excellent both Italian and French Poetes, vvhose lating this Author every vwhere followeth, yet so as few, but they be wel fentred can trace him out. So finally, flyeth this our newv Poete, as a bird, vvhose principals be scatred over vout, but yet as that in timē shall be hable to keepe wing with the best.

Noy as touching the general dryft and purpose of his Eglogues, I mind not to say much, him selfe labouring to concealte it. Only this appeareth, that his vnstayned yough had long vrande in the common Labyrinth of Loue, in vvhich time to mitigate and assay the heate of his passion, or els to vwarne (as he sayth) the young shepheards & his ewalls and companions of his vnsfortunate folly, he compiled these xij. Eglogues, vvhich for that they be proportioned to the state of the xij. monethes, he termeth the SHEPHERDS. C A L E N D A R, applying an olde name to a newv wortke. Hereto I added a certain Glossis or scholion for the exposition of old wordes & harder phrasēs: vvhich maner of glosing and commenting, vwell I vvote, vvil see me straunge & rare in our tonge, yet for somuch as I knew many excellent & proper devises bothe in wordes and matter vwould passe in the speedy course of reading, either as vniknowve, or as not marked, and that in this kind, as in other we might be equal to the learned of other nations, I thought good to take the paines vpon me, the rather for that by meanes of some familiar aquaintaunce I vvas made priuie to his counsell and secret meaning in them, as also in sundry other wortkes of his, vvhich albeit I knowv he nothing so much hateth, as to promulgate, yet thus much haue I adueniured vpon his friendshipe, him selfe being for long time farrre estrangēd, hoping that this vwill the rather occasion him, to put forth diuers other excellent wortkes of his, vvhich slepe in silence, as his Dreames, his Legedes, his Court of Cupide, and sondry others; vvhose commendations go secrete, vvere verye

## *Epistle.*

vayne; the thinges though vworthy of many, yet being knownen to few. These my present paynes isto any they be pleasurable or profitable, be you iudge, mine oyvn good Maister Haruey, to vvhom I haue both in respect of your vworthinesse generally, and otherwyse vpon some particular & spcial considerations vowed this my labour, and the maydenhead of this our commen frends Poeticke, himselfe hauing already in the beginning dedicated it to the Noble and vworthy Gentleman, the right worshipfull Ma. Phi. Sidney, a spcial faouurer & maintainer of all kind of learning.) VVhose cause I pray you Sir, yf Eniuie shall stir vp any wrongfull accusation, defend vvith your mighty Rhetorick & other your rare gifts of learning, as you can, & shidle with your good vil, as you ought, against the malice and outrage of so many enemies, as I knowy vvilbe set on fire with the sparks of his kindled glory. And thus recommending the Author vnto you, as unto his most spcial good frend, and my selfe vnto you both, as one making singuler account of syuo so very good and so choise frends, I bid you both most hartely farewel, and commit you & your most commendable studies to the tuision of the greatest.

*Your owne assuredly to  
be commauanded E. K.*

### *Post sc̄r*

**N**Ovv I trust M. Haruey, that vpon sight of your spciall frends and fellow Poets doings, or els for enue offo many vnworthy Quidams, vwhich catch at the garlond, vwhich to you alone is devve, you vwill be perswaded to pluck out of the hateful darkenesse those so many excellent English poemes of yours, vwhich lye hid, and bring the forth to eternall light. Trust me you doe both them gret wrong, in depriving them of the desired sonne, and also your selfe, in smothering your deserved prayles, and all men generally, in withholding from them so diuine pleasures, which they might conceive of your gallant English veries, as they haue already doen of your Latine Poemes, which in my opinion both for inuention and Eloction are very delicate, and superexcellenr. And thus againe, I take my leaue of my good Maister Haruey. from my lodging at London thys 10. of April. 1579.

*Ægloga prima.*

## ARGUMENT.

**I**N this fyrt *Æglogue* Colin cloute a shephearde's boy complaineth him of his unfortunate loue, being but newly (as semeth) enamoured of a countrie lassie called Rosalinde: with whiche strong affection being very sore traueled, he compareth his carefull case to the sadde season of the yeare, to the frostie ground, to the frozen trees, and to his owne winterbeaten flocke. And lastly, fynding himselfe robbed of all former pleasaunce and delights, he breaketh his Pipe in peeces, and casteth him selfe to the ground.

## COLIN Cloute.

Shepheards boye (no better doe him call)  
when Winters waightfull spight was almost spent,  
All in a sunneshyne day, as did befalle,  
Led forth his flock, that had bene long yppene.  
So saynt they woxe, and feeble in the folde,  
That now vnderthees their feete could them upholde,

All as the Sheepe, such was the Shepheards looke,  
For pale and wanhe he wag, (alas the while,)  
May seeme he lond, or els some care he tooke:  
Well couth he tune his pipe, and stame his ble.

A. I.

The



## .Januarie.

Cho to a hill his faynting flocke he ledde,  
And thus him playnd, the while his shepe there fedde.

Ye Gods of loue, that pitie louers payne,  
(If any gods the paine of louers pitie:)  
Looke from aboue, where you in ioyes remaine,  
And boure your earez unto my dolefull dittie.  
And P<sup>a</sup>n thou hepheards God, that once didst loue,  
Pitie the paines, that thou thy selfe didst pouue.

Thou bartein ground, whome winters wrath hath wasted,  
Art made a myrhour, to behold my pligthe:  
Whilome thy fresh spring flowerd, and after hasted  
Thy sommer yownde with Daffadillies dight.  
And now is come thy wynters floymy state,  
Thy mantle mard, wherein thou mal-kedst late.

Such rage as winters, reaigneth in my heart,  
My life bloud frysing with vnkindly cold:  
Such floymy houres do breede my balefull smarte,  
As if my yeare were wast, and woren old.  
And yet alas, but now my spring begounne,  
And yet alas, yt is already donne.

You naked trees, whose shady leaves are lost,  
Whereto the byrds were wont to build their bowre:  
And now are cloth'd with mosse and hoary frost,  
In stede of bloomes, wherwith your buds did flowre:  
I see your teares, that from your booughes doe raine,  
Whose drops in drey picles remaine.

All so my lustfull lease is dye and sere,  
My timely buds with wayling all are wasted;  
The blossom, which my banch of pouch did beare,  
With breasted sighes is blowne away, & blasterd,  
And from mine eyes the drizling teares descend,  
As on your booughes the picles depend.

Thou feeble flocke, whose fleece is rough and rent,  
Whose knees are weake through salt and euill fare:

Pais

# Fanuarie.

Fol.2

Mayst witnesse well by thy ill governement,  
Thy maysters mind is ouercome with care.  
Thou weake, I wanneschou leane, I quite forlorne:  
With mourning pyne I, you with pyning mourne.

A thousand sithes I curse that carefull hower.  
Wherin I longd the neighbour towne to see:  
And eke tenne thousand sithes I blesse the stoure,  
Wherin I sawe so sayre a sight, as thee.  
Yet all for naught: such sight hath bren my bane.  
Ah God, that loue should breede both joy and payne.

It is not *Hobbinol* wherefore I plaine,  
Albee my loue he leike with dayly salt:  
His clownish gifts and cursies I disdaine,  
His kides his cracknelles, and his early fruse.  
Ah foolish *Hobbinol*, thy gyfes bene bayne:  
Colin them gaves to *Rosalind* againe

I lone chilke lasse, (alas why doe I lone?)  
And am forloyne, (alas why am I lone?)  
Shee deignes not my good will, but doth repproue,  
And of my rurall musick holdeth scorne.  
Shepheards devise she hatech as the snake,  
And laughes the songes, that *Colin Clout* doth make,

Wherefore my pype, albe rude *P'an* thou please,  
Yet for thou please not, where most I would:  
And thou bulucky Muse, that wontest to ease  
My musing mynd, yet canst not, when thou shoule:  
Both pype and Muse, shall soye the whille abyne.  
So broke his oaten pype, and downe dyd lye.

By that, the welked *Phebus* gan abaile,  
His weary waine, and nowe the frosty *Nighe*  
Per manie black throught heauen gan ouerhaile.  
Whiche seene, the pensife boy halfe in despight  
Arose, and horneward droue his sonned sheepe,  
Whose hanging heads did seeme his carefull case to weepe.

A.ii.

*Colins*

# *Januarie.*

Colins Embleme.

## *Anchôra speme.*



GLOSSE.

**COLIN** Clouet) is a name not greatly vised, and yet haue I sene a Poesie of M. Skeltons vnder that title. But indeede the vword Colin is Frenche, and vsed of the French Poete Marot (if he be worthy of the name of a Poete) in a certaine Aeglogue. Vnder which name this Poete secretly shadoweth himself, as someume did Virgil vnder the name of Tityrus, thinking it much fitter, then such Latine names, for the great vnlikelyhoode of the language.

vnnethes) scarcely.

couthe) commeth of the verbe Conne, that is, to knowv or to haue skill. As vwell interpreth the same the worthy Sir Tho. Smith in his booke of gouernement: wher of I haue a perfect copie in wryting, lenth me by his kinsman, and my verye singular good freend, M. Gabriel Harvey: as also of some other his most graue & excellent vrytings.

Sythe) time. Neighbour tovvne) the next tovvne: expressing the Latine Vicina. Stoure) a fit. Sere) vvithered.

His clovnish gyfts) imitateth Virgils verse,

Rusticus es Corydon, nec munera curat Alexis.

Hobbinol) is a fained country name, vwhereby, it being so commune and vsall, seemedi to be hidden the person of some his very speciall & most familiar freend, whom he entirly and extraordinarily beloued, as peraduenture shall be more largely declared hereafter. In thy place seemeth to be some sauour of disorderly loue, vwhich the learned call pederastice: but it is gathered beside his meaning. For vwho that hath red Plato his dialogue called Alcybiades, Xenophon and Maximus Tyrannus of Socrates opinions, may easily perceiue, that such loue is muche to be allowed and liked of, specially so meant, as Socrates vised it: vwho sayth, that in dede he loued Alcybiades extremely, yet not Alcybiades person, but hys soule, vwhich is Alcybiades owne selfe. And so is pederastice much to be preferred before gynerastice, that is the loue, vwhiche enflameth men, vwhic lust toward vwdman kind. But yet let no man thinke, that herein I stand vwith Lucian or hys deuelish disciple Vnico Aretiro, in defence of execrable and horrible sinnes of forbidden and vnlawful fleshlinesse. VVhose abominable errore is fully confuted of Perionius, and others.

I loue) a pretie Epanorthosis in these twoo verses, and vvithall a Patonomasia or playng vvith the vword, vwhere he sayth (I loue thilke lasse alas &c. Rosalunde) is also a feigned name, vwhich being wel ordered, vvil be vray the very name of hys loue and mistresse, vvhom by that name he coloureth. So as Ovide shadoweth hys loue vnder the name of Corynna, vwhich of some is supposed to be Iulia

## Fanuarie

fol. 3

Iulia, chmperor Augustus his daughter, and vvyse to Agryppa. So doth Arthus  
tus Stella cuery where call his Lady Asteris and Ianthis, albe it is vvel knowen  
that her right name vvas Violantilla: as vvitnesseth Statius in his Epithalamiu.  
And so the famous Paragone of Italy, Madonoa Coelia in her letters enucl-  
peth her selfe vnder the name of Zima: and Petrona vnder the name of Bellochia.  
And this generally hath bene a common custome of counterfeiting the  
names of secret Personages.

Awall) bring downe . .

### Embleme:

Ouerhaile) drawe ouer.

His Embleme or Poesye is here vnder added in Italian, Anchora sperme: the meaning  
vherof is, that notwithstanding his extreme passion and lucklesse loue, yet lea-  
ving on hope, he is some what recomforted.

## Februarie.



## Ægloga Secunda.

### ARGVMENT.

This Ælogue is rather morall and generall, then bent to any secrete or  
particular purpose. It specially canteyneth a discourse of old age, in the  
persones of Thenot an olde Shepbeard, who for his crookednesse and vnusu-  
nitie, is scorned of Cuddie an vnhappy Heardsmanes boye. The matter ver-  
ry well accordeth with the season of the mochte, the yere now drouping, &  
as it were, drawing to his last age. For as in this plint of yare, so the in our  
A. iii. bodies

## Februarie.

bodies there is a dry & withering cold, which congealeth the crudled blood,  
and frieseth the wetterbeate flesh, with stormes of Fortune, & hoare frosts  
of Care. To which purposeth the olde man telleth a tale of the Oake and the  
Bryer, so lively and so feelingly, as if the thing were set forth in some Pic-  
ture before our eyes, more plainly could not appere.

### CVDDIE. THE NOT.

A Y for pittie, wil rancke Winters rage,  
These bitter blastis never ginne casswage?  
The kene cold blowcs through my beaten hyde,  
All as I were through the body gryde.  
My ragged rontes all shiver and shake,  
As doen high Towers in an earchquake:  
They wone in the wind wagge their wigle tailes,  
Perke as Peacocke: but nowe it auales.

### THE NOT.

Lewdly complainest thou laesie ladde,  
Of Winters wratke, for making thee sadde.  
Must not the world wend in his commun course  
From good to badde, and from badde to wroste,  
From wroste unto that is woxst of all,  
And then returne to his former fall?  
Who will not suffer the stormy time,  
Wherewill he liue till the lusty prime?  
Selle haue I wozne out thrise threttie yeares,  
Some ia much ioy, many in many teares:  
Yet never complained of cold nor heate,  
Of Sommers flame, nor of Winters cheate:  
Ne ever was to Fortune forman,  
But gently tooke, that bngently came.  
And euer my flocke was my chiese care,  
Winter or Sommer they inought well fare.

### CVDDIE.

No marueil Ikenot, if thou can beare  
Cherfully the Winters wrachfull cheare:  
For Age and Winter accord full nie,  
This chill, that cold, this crooked, that wrye.  
And as the lombing Wether lookest downe,

So semest thou like good fryday to scotone .  
But my flowing youth is foe to frost,  
My shippes vawont in stormes to be lost.

## THE NOT.

The soueraigne of seas he blames in baine,  
That once seabeate will to sea againe.  
So loytring liue you sitle; heardgroomes,  
Keeping your beastes in the budded broomes;  
And when the shuning sunne langheth once,  
You deemen, the Spying is come attonce.  
Tho gyne you, sond fyses, the cold to scorne,  
And crowing in pypes made of greene coyne,  
You thinken to be Lords of the yeare.  
But est, when ye count you freed from feare,  
Comes the bieme winter with chanted brawnes,  
Full of wrinckles and frostie furrowes:  
Dreily shooting his stormy darte,  
Whiche cruddles the blood, and picks the harte.  
Then is your carelese cozage accoied,  
Your carefull heards with cold bene annoied.  
Then paye you the price of your surquedrie,  
With weeping, and wapling, and misery.

CV D D I E.

Ah foolish old man, I scoore thy skill,  
That wouldest me, my sprynging younge to spil.  
I deeme, thy braine emperished bee  
Through rusty elde, that hath rotted thee:  
Dy sicker thy head veray tottie is,  
So on thy coigne shoulder it leanes amisse.  
Now thy selfe hast lost both lopp and topp,  
Als my budding braunch thou wouldest cropp:  
But were thy yeares greene, as now bene myne,  
To other delights they wouldest encline.  
Tho wouldest thou learne to caroll of Loue,  
And herp with hymnes thy lasses gloue.  
Tho wouldest thou pype of Phyllis prayse:  
But Phyllis is myne for many dayes:

A. 4.

I wonne

## Februarie.

I wonne her with a gyrdle of gelt,  
Embost with buegle about the belt.  
Such an one shephearda woulde make full faine :  
Such an one woulde make thee younge againe.

THE NOT.

Thou art a son, of thy loue to holte,  
All that is lent to loue, wyl be lost.

CVDDIE.

Seest, howe brag pond Bullocke beares,  
So smirke, so smooche, his pricked eares?  
His hornes bene as broade, as Rainbowe bent,  
His dewlap as lythe, as lassé of Kent.  
See howe he ventech into the wynd.  
Weenest of loue is not his mynde?  
Seemesh thy flocke thy counsell can,  
So lustlesse beine they, so weake so wan,  
Clothed with cold, and hoary wyth frost.  
Thy flocke father his corage hath lost:  
Thy Ewes, that wone to haue blouen bags,  
Like wailefull widowes hangen their crags:  
The rather Lambes bene starued with cold,  
All for their Maister is lustless and old.

THE NOT.

Cuddie, I wote thou kenst little good,  
So vainely tauaunce thy headlesse hood.  
For Youngth is a bubble blown vp with breath,  
Whose witt is weakenesse, whose wage is death,  
Whose way is wildernes, whose ymme Penitance,  
And scoopegallant Age the horke of Greaunce.  
But shall I tel thee a tale of truth,  
Which I sond of *Tityrus* in my youth,  
Keeping his sheepe on the hils of Kent?

CVDDIE.

To nouight moare Thenot, my mind is bene,  
Then to heare nouells of his deuiler:  
They bene so well thewed, and so wise,  
What euer that good old man bespane.

Thenot

# Februarie.

fol.5

## THE NOT.

Many meete tales of yowch did he make,  
And some of loue, and some of cheualtrie:  
But none sicker then this to applie.  
Now listen a whyle, and hearken the end.

**T**here grewe an aged Tree on the greene,  
A goodly Dake sometime had it bene,  
With armes full strong and largely displayd,  
But of their leaues they were disarayde:  
The bodie bigge, and mightely pight,  
Thoroughly rooted, and of wonderous hight:  
Whilome had bene the King of the field,  
And mochell mast to the husband did yielde,  
And with his mcs larded many swine.  
But now the gray mosse marred his rime,  
His bared boughes were beaten with stormes,  
His toppe was bald, & wakid with wormes,  
His honor decayed, his braunches lere.

Hard by his syde grewe a bragging bære,  
Which proudly thrust into Thelement,  
And seemed to thre at the Firmament.  
It was embellisched with blossomes layre,  
And thereto aye wonned to repayre  
The shepheards daughters, to gathet flowres,  
To pentit their girldoms with his colowres.  
And in his small bushes vled to shrowde  
The sweete Nightingale singing so lowde:  
Which made this foolish Bære wre so bold,  
That on a time he cast him to scold,  
And snebbe the good Dake, for he was old.

Why standst there (quoth he) thou brutish blocke?  
Noz for fruict, noz for shadowe serues thy stocke:  
Seest, how fresh my flowers bene sprede,  
Dyed in Lilly white, and Cremsin redde,  
With Leaues engrained in lusty grecne,  
Colours mee to clothe a mayden Queene.

B.I

Thy

## *Februarie.*

Thy wals bignes but combers the ground,  
And dirks the beauty of my blossomes round.  
The mouldie mosse, which thee accloirth,  
My Synamon smell too much annoieth.  
Wherfore soone I rese thee, hence remoue,  
Least thou the pice of my displeasure proue.  
So speake this bold bære with great vildaine:  
Little him answered the Dake againe,  
But yielded, twich shame and greefe adawed,  
That of a weede he was ouerawed.

It chaunced after vpon a day,  
The Hus-bandman selfe to come that way,  
Of custome foz to seruewe his ground,  
And his trees of state in compasse round.  
Him when the spitefull bære had espyed,  
Caul lese complained, and lowdly cryed  
Unto his Lord, stirring vp sterne strife:  
O my liege Lord, the God of my life,  
Pleaseth you ponder your Suppliants plaint,  
Caused of wrong, and cruell constraint,  
Whiche I your poore vassall dayly endure;  
And but your goodnes the lame recure,  
Am like foz desperate doole to dye,  
Through felonous force of mine enemie.

Greatly aghast writh this pitteous plea,  
Him rested the goodman on the lea,  
And badde the Bære in his plaint proceede.  
With painted words tho gan this proude weede,  
(As most vsen Ambitious folke: )

His coloured crime with craft to cloke.

Oh my soueraigne, Lord of creatures all,  
Thou plater of plants both humble and tall,  
Was not I planted of thine owne hand,  
To be the primrose of all thy land,  
With flouring blossomes, to furuishe the yme,  
And scarlot berries in Sommer time?  
How falls it then, that this faded Dake,

Whose

## *Februarie.*

*fol. 6*

Whose bodie is sere, whose braunches broke,  
Whose naked Armes stretch vnto the syre,  
Unto such tyramise doth aspire:  
Hindering with his shade my louely lighc,  
And robbing me of the sweete sonnes lighc  
So beate his old bunghes my tender lide,  
That ofte the bloud springeth from wounds wyde:  
Unimely my flowres forced to fall,  
That bene the hono<sup>r</sup> of your Coronall.  
And ofte he lets his cancker wormes licht  
Upon my braunches, to wroke me more spight:  
And ofte his hoarie lockes downe doth cast,  
Wherewith my fresh swowzets bene desat,  
For this, and many more such outrage,  
Chauing your goodlyhead to alswage  
The ranckorous rigour of his myght,  
Mought aske I, but onely to hold my right:  
Submitting me to your good sufferance,  
And praying to be garded from greeuance.

To this the Dake cast him to replie  
Well as he couch: but his enemie  
Had kindled such coles of displeasure,  
That the good man noulde stay his leasure,  
But home him hasted with furious heate,  
Encreasing his wrath with many a threate.  
His harmefull Hatchet he heat in hand,  
(Alas, that it so ready shoule stand)  
And to the field alone he spedeth.  
(Ay little helpe to harme therē needeth)  
Anger nould let him speake to the tree,  
Enaunter his rage inought cooled bee:  
But to the roote bent his sturdy stroke,  
And made many wounds in the wals Dake.  
The Ares edge did oft turne againe,  
As halfe bwilling to cutte the graine:  
Semed, the sencelesse yron dyu feare,  
Dy to wlong holy eld did forbeare;

*B. 2.*

## Februarie.

For it had bene an auncient tree,  
Sacred with many a mysterie,  
And ofte crost with the prieses crewe,  
And ofte halowed with holy water dewe.  
But like fancies weren foolerie,  
And broughten this Duke to this miserye.  
For nougat wrought they quaten him from deceas:  
For fiercely the good man at him did laye.  
The blocke oft ground under the blow,  
And sighed to see his neare ouerthow.  
In fine the steele had pierced his pitch,  
Tho downe to the earth he fell soothwith:  
His wonderous weight made the grounde to quake,  
The earth shronke vnder him, and seemed to shake.  
There lyeth the Duke, pitied of none.  
Now stands the Breere like a Lord alone,  
Puffed vp with pryde and vaine pleasaunce:  
But all this glce had no continuance.  
For clisones Winter gan to approche,  
The blussing Boxeas did encroche,  
And beate upon the solitarie Breere:  
For nowe no succoure was seene him nere.  
Now gan he repente his pryde to late:  
For naked left and disconsolate,  
The byting frost nipt his stalke dead,  
The waerie were weighed downe his head,  
And heaped snowe burduned him so sore,  
That nowe upright he can stand no more:  
And being downe, is troddie in the durt  
Of cattell, and brouzed, and souely hurt.  
Such was chend of this Ambitious breere,  
For scorning Elo

### CVDDIE

Now I may thee shepheard, tel it not sooth:  
Here is a long tale, and little worth,  
So longe haue I listened to thy speche,  
That graffed to the ground is my bache:

# Februarie.

fol. 7

My hartblood is welnigh strone I feele,  
And my galage grovone fast to my heele:  
But little eas of thy lewd tale I tasted.  
Hye thee home shepheard, the day is nigh wasted.

Thefots Embleme.

*Iddio perche è vecchio,  
Fa suoi al suo esempio.*

Cuddies Embleme.

*Niuno vecchio,  
Spaventa Iddio.*



GLOSSE.

Kene) sharpe..

Gride) perced : an olde vword much vsed of Lidgate, but not found ( that I know of )  
in Chaucer.

Ronts) young bullockes.

VVrake) ruine or Violence, vvheace commeth shippvrake: and not vvreake, that is  
vengeaunce or vvrath.

Foeman) a foe.

Thenor) the name of a shepheard in Marot his Aeglogues.

The soueraigne of Seas } is Neptune the God of the seas . The saying is borowred of  
Mimus Publianus, whiluch vsed this proverbe in a verse.

Improb Neptunum accusat, qui iterum naufragium facit.

Heardromes.) Chaucers verse almost vvhole.

Fond Flyes) He compareth carelesse sluggardes or ill husbandmen to flyes, that so soone  
as the sunne shineth, or yt wexeth any thing vvarme, begin to fleye abroade  
vvhen soleinly they be ouertaken vwith cold:

But est when) A verye excellent and liuely description of VVinter, so as may bee indif-  
ferently taken, eyther for old Age, or for VVinter season.

Breine) chull,bitter.

Chamfred) chapt, or vrinkled.

Accoide) plucked dovvne and daunted.

Surquedrie) pryde.

Eldc) olde age.

Sicker) sure.

Tortie) vvauering.

Corbe) crooked.

Heric) worshipe.

Phyllis) the name of some mayde vnknowen, whom Cuddie, whose person is secrete, lo-  
ued. The name is vvisual in Theocritus, Virgile, and Mantuan.

Edre) a girdle or wast band.

A son) a foole.

lythe) soft & gentile.

Venteth) snuffeth in the vwind.

Thy flockes Father) the Ramme.

Crags) neckes

B.iii.

Rathor-

## Februarie.

Rather Lambes) that be evved early in the beginning of the yeare.  
Youth is) A verye moral and pitthy Allegorie of youth, and the lutes thereof compared  
to a vvearie vwayfaring man.  
Tityrus) I suppose he meane Chaucer, whose prayse for pleasaunt tales cannot dye, so  
long as the memorie of hys name shal live, & the name of Poetic shal endure.  
VVell thevved) that is, Benet morata, full of morall wisenesse.  
There grew) This tale of the Oake and the Btere, he tellith as learned of Chaucer, but it  
is cleane in another kind, and rather like to Aſopes fables. It is very excellente  
for pleasaunt descriptiounes, being altogether a certayne Icon or Hypotyposis of  
disdainfull younkers.  
Embellisht) beautified and adorned. To wonne) to haun̄t or frequent. Snew) checke.  
VWhy standſt) The speach is scorneful & very presumptuous. Engrained) dyed in grain.  
Accloieth) encombrerh. Adayved) daunted & confounded.  
Trees offstate) taller trees fitte for timber vwood. Sterne strife) said Chaucer. f.  
fell and stury. O my liege) A maner of supplication, vvhetherin is kindly coloured the affection and speache of Ambitious men.  
Coronall) Garande. Flourets) yong blossomes.  
The Prinarc(s) The chiefe and vvortheif  
Naked amies) metaphorically ment of the bare boughes, spoyled of leaues. This colou-  
rably he speketh, as adiudging hym to the fyre.  
The blood) spoken of a blocke, as it vvere of a liuing creature, figuratiuely, and (as they  
saye) *per incurias*.  
Hoarie loefkes) metaphorically for vvhithered leaues.  
Hent) caught. Nould) for vwould not. Ay) euermore. VVounds) gashes.  
Enaunter) least that.  
The pirkites crevve) holy vwater pott, wherewith the popishe priest vsed to sprinckle &  
balloffe the trees from mischaunce. Such blindnesſt vvas in thos times, which  
the Poete supposeth, to haue ben the final decay of this auncient Oake.  
The blocke oft grone) A liuelye figure, vwhiche geueth fence and ſeeling to vnſenſible  
creatures, as Virgile alſo sayeth: *Saxa genunt grauido &c.*  
Boreas) The Northerne vvynd, that bringeth the moſte ſtorrie vweather.  
Glee) chere and iollitie.  
For scorning Eld) And minding (as ſhoulde ſeme) to haue made ſyme to the former  
verſe, he is conningly cutte of by Cuddy, as diſdayning to here any more.  
Galage) a ſtaruppe or clovnifh ſhoe.  
Embleme.  
This embleme is ſpoken of Thenot, as a moral of his former tale: namelye, that God,  
vvhich is himſelfe moſt aged; being before al ages, and vvitout beginninge,  
makeſt thoſe, vvhom he loueth like to himſelfe, in heaping yeares vnto theyre  
dayes, and bleſſing them vvyth longe lyfe. For the bleſſing of age is not giuen  
to all, but vnto thoſe, vvhom God will ſo bleſſe: and albeit that many euill me  
reache vnto ſuch fulneſſe of yeares, and ſome alſo vvere olde in myſerie and  
thraldome, yet therefore is not age euer the leſſe bleſſing. For euē to ſuch euill  
men ſuch number of yeares is added, that they may in their laſt dayes repente,  
and come to their firſt home. So the old man checketh the rafhheaded boy, for  
despyſing his gray and froſtſy heaſes.  
VVhoſm Cuddy doth counterbuff with a byting and bitter prouerbe, ſpoken indeede  
at the

at the first in earempre of old age generally, for it vvas an old opinion, and yet is continued in some mens conceit, that me of yecres haue no feare of god at al, or not so much as younger folke. For that being typpened with longe experiance, and having passed many bitter brunts and blastes of vengeance, they dread no stormes of Fortune, nor wrathe of Gods, nor daunger of menne; as being cyther by longe and ripe wisedome armed against all mischaunces and aduersitic, or vwith much trouble harderten against all troublous tydes: lyke vnto the Ape, of which is sayd in *Æsops fables*, tha oftentimes meeting the Lyon, he vvas at first sore aghast & dismayed at the grimness and austernesse of hys countenance, but at last being acquainted vwith his lookes, he vvas so surre from feareing him, that he would familiarly gybe and iest with him: Suche longe experiance breedeth in some men securitie. Although it please Erasmus a great cleake and good old father, more fathery and fauourablye to constreine it in his *Adages* for his own behoofe, That by the prouerbe *Nemo Senex metuit Iuuenem*, is not meant, that old men haue no feare of God at al, but that they be surre from superstitution and Idolatrous regard of false Gods, as is Jupiter. But his greate learning notwithstanding, it is to plaine, to be gainsayd, that olde men are mucche more enclined to such fond foolerries, then younger heedes.

## March.

*Ægloga Tertia:*

## A R G V M E N T.

*In this Æglogue two shepheards boyes taking occasion of the season, beginne to make purpose of loue and other plesaunce, whiche to springtime is most agreeable. The speciall meaning hereof is, to giue certaine markes*

## March.

and tokenes, to know Cupide the Poets God of Loue. But more particularye I  
tbinke, in the person of Thomalin is meant some secrete freend, who scorned  
Loue and his knyghts so long, till at length him selfe was entangled, and vn-  
wares wounded with the dart of some beautifull regard, which is Cupides  
arrowe.

VVillye                   Thomalin.

T homalin, why slyten we soe,  
As weren ouerwent with woe,  
Upon so sayre a morow?  
The ioyous time now nighest fast,  
That shall alegge this bitter blast,  
And slake the winters sorowe.

Thomalin.

Sicker Willye, thou warnest well:  
For Winters wrath beginnes to quell,  
And pleasant synging appeareth.  
The grasse nowe gynnes to be refreshe,  
The Swallow peepes out of her nest,  
And clobwile Welkin cleareth.

VVillye.

Seest not thilke same Hawthorne stundre,  
How brayly it beginnes to budde,  
And bitter his tender head?  
Flora now calleth forth eche flower,  
And bids make ready Maia's bowre,  
That newe is byxyl from bedde.  
Tho shall we sporten in delight,  
And learne with Lettice to were light,  
That scornefully lookes al kaunce,  
Tho will we little Loue awake,  
That nowe sleepeth in Lethe lake,  
And pray him leaden our daunce.

Thomalin.

Willye, I wene thou bee astore:  
For lustie Loue still sleepeth not,  
But is abroad at his game.

VVillye.

How kenst thou, that he is awoke?

Or hast thy selfe his slomber broke?

Or made preue to the same?

Thomalin.

No, but happely I hym syde,  
Wher in a bush he did hym hide,  
With winges of purple and blewe.  
And were not, that my cheepe wold scrap,  
The preue marks I wold bewray,  
Wher by by chaunce I him knewe.

VVillye.

Thomalin, haue no care for thy,  
My selfe will haue a double eye,  
Like to my flocke and thine:  
For als at home I haue a syze,  
A stepdame eke as whott as fyre,  
That dewly adayes countis mine.

Thomalin.

May, but thy seeing will not serue,  
My cheepe for that may chaunce to sverue,  
And fall into some mischefe.  
For lichens is but the third morowe,  
That I chaunst to fall a sleepe with sorowe,  
And waked againe with griefe:  
The while thylke same unhappye Cwe,  
Whose clouted legge her hurt doth shewe,  
Fell headlong into a dell.  
And there vniynted hoch her bones:  
Mought her necke bene ioynted attones,  
She shoulde haue neede no more spelle.  
Thel was so wanton and so wood,  
(But now I crowe can better good)  
She mought ne gang on the greene.

VVillye.

Let be, as may be, that is pass:  
That is to come, let be forecast.  
Now tell vs, what thou hast seene.

Thomalin.

It was vpon a holiday,

When

## *March.*

When hepheardes groomes han leauie to playe,  
I cast to goe a shooting.  
Long wandring vp and downe the land,  
With bowe and bolts in eicher hand,  
For birds in bushes shooting:  
At length within an Dale to doe  
(There shouded was the little God)  
I heard a busie busling.  
I hem my bolt against the bush,  
Listening if any thing did rushe,  
But then heard no more rustling.  
Tho peeping close into the thicke,  
Might see the mouting of some quicke,  
Whose shape appeared not:  
But were it faerie, feend, or snake,  
My courage earnd it to awake,  
And manfully therat shotte.  
With that sprong forth a naked swayne,  
With spotted winges like Peacockes trapne,  
And laughing lope to a tree.  
His gylden quiver at his backe,  
And siluer bowe, whiche was but flacke,  
Whiche lightly he bent at me.  
That seeing I, levelde againe,  
And shot at hym with might and maiue,  
As thicke, as it had hapled.  
So long I shot, that al was spent:  
Tho pumie stones I harsly hent,  
And threwe: but nought availed:  
He was so wimble, and so wight,  
From bough to bough he lepped light,  
And oft the pumies latched.  
Therewith astrayd I ranne away:  
But he, that earst seemd but to playe,  
A shaft in earnest snatched,  
And hit me running in the heeler:  
For then I little smart did feele:

*But*

But soone it soze increased,  
And now it rankleth more and more,  
And inwardly it festreth soze,  
He wote I. how to ceale it.

VVillye.

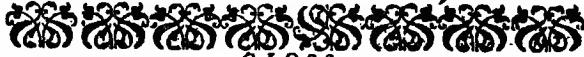
Thomalin, I picke thy plighe.  
Perdie with loue thou diddest fight:  
I know him by a token.  
For once I heard my father say,  
How he him caught upon a day,  
(Whereto he wilbe woken)  
Entangled in a fowling net,  
Which he for carlion Crows had set,  
That in our Paeeretree haunted.  
Tho sayd, he was a winged lad,  
But bothe and shafts as then none had:  
Els had he soze be daunted.  
But see the Welkin thick apace,  
And stouping Phebus sleepes his face:  
Pox tyme to hast vs homeward.

Willyes Embleme.

To be wise and eke to loue,  
Is graunted searce to God aboue.

Thomalins Embleme.

Of Hony and of Gaule in loue there is store:  
The Honye is much, but the Gaule is more.



GLOSS.

THIS Aeglogue seemeth somewhat to resemble that same of Theocritus, vwherein  
the boy likewise telling the old man, that he had shot at a winged boy in a tree,  
was by hym warned, to beware of mischiefe to come.

Ouer vvent) ouergone  
To quell) to abate.

Alegge) to lessen or a savage.

VVelkin) the skie.

Cü. The swallow)

## March.

The (swallow) vwhich bird vsch to be counted the messenger , and as it were, the fore runner of springe.

Flora) the Goddesse offlowres, but indeed (as saith Tacitus) a famous harlot, which vwith the abuse of her body hauing gottē great riches, made the people of Rome her heyre: who in remembraunce of so great beneficence, appointed a yearly feste for the memorall of her, calling her, not as she was, nor as some doe think, Andronica, but Flora : making her the Goddesse of all floures, and doing yereley to her soleme sacrifice.

Maia bovye) that is the pleasaunte fiedle, or rather the Maye busthes. Maia is a Goddes and the mother of Mercurie , in honour of whome the moneth of Maye is of her name so called, as sayth Macrobius .

Lettice) the name of some country lasse,

Alcunce) al kevve or asquint.

Lethe) is a lake in hell, vwhich the Poetes call the lake of forgetfulnes. For Lethe signifieth forgetfulnes. VVherein the soules being dipped, did forget the cares of their formerlyfe. So that by loue sleeping in Lethe lake , he meaneth he vvas almost forgotten and out of knowledge, by feason of winters hardnesse, when al pleasures as it were, sleepe and weare oute of mynde.

Afisotte) to dote.

Hys flomber) To breake Loues flomber, is to exercise the delights of Loue and wanton pleasures.

VVinges of purple) so is he feyned of the Poetes.

For als) he imitateath Virgils verse.

Est mili namque domi pater, est iniuxta nouecta &c.

A dell) a hole in the ground.

Syell) is a kinde of verle or charme, that in elder tymes they vised often to lay ouer every thing, that they would haue preserued, as the Nightspel for theuees , and the vwoodspell. And herenhenc I thinke is named the gospell, as it were Gods spell or vvorde. And so sayth Chaucer, Lysteneh Lordings to my spell.

Gange) got

An Yng(todde) a thicke bushe.

Swaine) a boye: For so is he described of the Poetes, to be a boye s. alwayes frechte and lustie: blindfolded , because he maketh no difference of Personages : wyth diuers coloured wings , s. ful of flying fancies : vwith bovve and arrow , that is vwith glaunce of beaureye, vwhich pryceth as a forked arrowe. He is sayd also to haue flasfts, some leaden, some golden: that is, both pleasure for the gracious and loued, and sorow for the louer that is disdayned or forsaken. But vvhio liste more at large to behold Cupids colours and furniture, let him reade ether Propertius, or Moschius his Idyllion of wandring loue, being now most excellently translated into Latine by the singuler leartned man Angelus Politianus: whych wroke I haue seene amngst other of thyss Poets dousng, very wel translatled also into Englishe Rymes.

VVimble and vwrighte) Quicke and delitier.

In the heele) is very Poetically spoken, and not vwithout speciaall judgement . For I remember, that in Homer it is sayd of Thetis, that shee tooke her young babe Achilles being nervely borne , and holding him by the heele, dipped him in the

Riuere of Styx. The vertue vwhereof is, to defend and keepe the bodyes vvashed therein from any mortall vround. So Achilles being waffed al ouer, gue-onely his heele, by which his mother held, was in the rest invulnerablie: therfore by Pariis vvas seyned to bee shotte vwith a poysoned arrowe in the heele, whiles he vvas busie about the maryng of Polyxena in the temple of Apollo, which mysticall fable Eustathius vnfolding, sayth: that by vounding in the heele, is meant lustfull loue. For from the heele (as say the best Phisitionis) to the preuiue partes there passe certaine veines and slender synnevves, as also the like come from the head, and are euryed lyke little pypes behynd the eates: so that (as sayth Hippocrates) yf those veynes there be cut a sonder, the partie straighte becometh cold, and vnfruiteful, vwhich reason our Poete vvel weighing, maketh this shepheards boye of purpose to be vvounded by Loue in the heele.

Latched) caught.

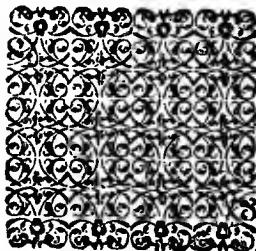
VVroken) reuenged.

For once) In this tale is sette out the simplicite of shepheards opinion of Loue.

Stouping Phaebus) Is a Petiphrasis of the sunne setting.

#### Embleme.

Hereby is meant, that all the delights of Loue, wherein wanton youth vvalovveth, be but follye mixt vwith bitternesse, and soroyf savcied with repentaunce. For besides that the very affection of Lone it selfe tormenteth the mynde, and vexeth the body many vwayes, vwith vnrestfulness all night, and vyearnes all day, seeking for that we can not haue, & fynding that we would not haue: euē the felse things vwhich best before vs lyked, in course of time and chaung of typer yeares, vwhiche also therewthall chaungeth our vvonted lyking and former fantasies, vwill then seeme lothsome and breed vs annoyaunce, vwhen yongthes florvre is vvithered, and vve synde our bodyes and vvit sunswere not to suchevayne iollitic and lustfull pleasaunce.



# Aprill.



## Ægloga Quarta.

### ARGUMENT.

This Ælogue is purposoly intended to be honor and prayse of our most gracious souereigne, Queene Elizabeth. The speakers herein be Hobbinoll and Thenot, two shepheardees: the which Hobbinoll being before mentioned, greatly to haue loued Colin, is here set forth more largely, complaing him of that boyes great misaduenture in Loue, wherby his mynd was alienate and with drawn not onely from him, who mooste loued him, but also from all former delights and studies, as well in pleasaunt piping, as conning ryming and singing, and other bis laudable exercises. Wherby he taketh occasion, for proofe of his more excellencie and skill in poetrerie, to recorde a songe, which the sayd Colin sometime made in honor of her Maiestie, whom abruptly he termeth Elysa.

Thenot. Hobbinoll.

Tell me good Hobbinoll, what garres thee greeete?  
What hath some Wolfe thy tender Lambes preyne?  
Dy is thy Bagyppe broke, that soundes so sweete?  
Dy art thou of thy loued lasse foxayne?

Dy bene thine eyes attemptred to the yeare,  
Quenching the gasping furrowes thirke with rayne?

Like

Like April shoure, so stremes the trickling teares  
Adowne thy cheeke, to quenche thy thristye payne.  
Hobbinoll.

Nox thys, nox that, so muche doeth make me mourne,  
But for the ladde, wherme long I lobb so deare.  
Nowe loues a lasse, that all his loue doth scorne:  
He plongd in payne, his crested locks dooth teare.

Shepheards delights he dooth them all forsware,  
Hys pleasaunt pipe, whych made vs merten,  
He wylfully hath broke, and doth forbare  
His wonied songs, wherein he all outwene.

Thenot.

Whae is he for a Ladde, you so lamene?  
Ys loue such pinching payne to them, that prove?/  
And hath he skill to make so excellent,  
Yet hath so little skill to bypde loue?

Hobbinoll.

Colin thou kenst, the Souterne Shepheardes bope!  
Him Loue hath wounded with a deadly darte.  
Whilome on him was all my care and ioye,  
Forcyngh with gyfes to winne his wanton heart.

But now from me hys madding mynd is starte,  
And woes the Widdowes daughter of the glenne:  
So nowe fayre Rosalind hath bredd hys smart,  
So now his frend is chaunged for a frenne.

Thenot.

But if hys ditties bene so trimly dight,  
I pray thee Hobbinoll, recorde some one:  
The whiles our flockes doe graze aboue in slyght,  
And we close shrowded in thys shade alone.

Hobbinol.

Contented I then will I singe his laye  
Of fayre Elisa, Queene of Shepheardes all:  
Which bnce he made, as by a syng he laye,  
And cuned it unto the Waters fall.

## April.



Dayntye Mynmhs, that in this blessed Booke  
dye bathe your brest;  
For sake your watry bowres, and hecher looke,  
at my request:  
And eke you Virgins, that on *Parnasse* dwelle,  
Whence floweth *Helicon* the learned well,  
Helpe me to-blaze  
Her worthy praise,  
Which in her sexe doth all excell.  
  
Of sayre *Elisa* be your siluer song,  
that blessed wight:  
The flowre of Virgins, may shee florish long,  
In princely plight.  
For shee is Syrinx daughter without spotte,  
Which Pan the shepheards God of her begot:  
So sprong her grace  
Of heauenly race,  
No mortall blemishe may her blotte.  
  
See, where she sits upon the grassie greene,  
(D seemely sight)  
Clad in Scarlot like a mayden Qucene,  
And Ermines white.  
Upon her head a Cremolin coronet,  
With Damask roles and Dassadillies set:  
Bapleaues betweeme,  
And Primroses greene  
Embellish the sweete Violet.  
  
Tell me, haue ye seene her angelick face,  
Like Pebe sayre?  
Her heauenly haueour, her princely grace  
can you well compare?  
The Rose rose medled with the White yfere,  
In either cheeke depeincteu lively cheere.  
Her modest eye,  
Her Maiestie,  
Where haue you seene the like, but there?

*Aprial.*

*fol. 13*

I sawe Phœbus thrull ou his golden hedde,  
Upon her to gaze:  
But when he sawe, how braode her beames did spredde,  
It did him amaze.

He blist to see another Sunne beloue,  
He durst againe his fyxe face out shewe:  
Let him, if he dare,  
His bighemelle compare  
With hers, to haue the ouershewe.

Shewe thy selfe Cynthia with thy siluer rayes,  
And be not abashē:  
When shee the beames of her beauty displayes,  
O how art thou dashē?  
But I will not match her with Latonaes seede,  
Such follie great sorrowe to Niobe did breedē.  
Now he is a stone,  
And makes dayly mone,  
Warning all other to take heede.

Pan may be proud, that euer he begot  
Such a Bellibone,  
And Syrinx relouys, that euer was her lot  
To beare such an one.  
Soone as my younglings cryen for the dam,  
To her wil I offer a milkewhite Lamb:  
Shee is my goddesse plaine,  
And I her Shepherds swayne,  
Albee forswonck and forswatt I am.

I see Calliope speede her to the place,  
Where my Goddesse shynes:  
And after her the other Muses trace,  
With their Violines.  
Vene they not Bay braunches, which they doe beare,  
All for Elisa in her hand to weare?  
So sweetely they play,  
And sing all the way,  
That it a heaven is to heare.

D.      Lo

## Aprill.

Lo how finely the graces can it foote  
to the Instrument:  
They dauncen deffly, and singen soote,  
in their merriment.  
What not nor a fourth grace, to make the daunce euene?  
Let that comme to my Lady be yeue:  
She shalbe a grace,  
To syll the fourth place,  
And reigne with the rest in heauen.  
  
And whither remes this beuie of Ladies bright,  
raunged in a rowe?  
They bene all Ladys of the lake behight,  
that onto her goe.  
Chloris, that is the chiefest Nymph of al,  
Of Olue banches beares a Coronall:  
Olives bene for peace,  
When warr doe surcease:  
Such for a Princesse bene principall.  
  
Ye shepheards daughters, that dwell on the greene,  
hye you there apace:  
Let none come there, but that Virgins bene,  
to adorne her grace.  
And when you come, where as shee is in place,  
See, that your rudenesse doe not you disgrace:  
Binde your fillets faste,  
And gird in your wasse,  
For more finessse, with a tawdrie lace.  
  
Bring herher the Pincke and purple Cullambine,  
With Gellislowxes:  
Bring Coronations, and Sops in wine,  
worne of Paramoures.  
Strowe me the ground with Daffadowndillies,  
And Cowslips, and Kingcups, and loued Lillies:  
The pretie Pawnce,  
And the Cheuisance.  
Shall match with the sapie slowze Delice,

Now

# Aprill.

fol. 14

Now ryle by *Eliz.*, decked as thou art,  
in royll array:  
And now ye daintie Damsells may depart  
echeone her way,  
I feare, I haue troubled your troupes to longe:  
Let dame *Eliz.* thanke you for her song.  
And if you come helter,  
When Damsenes I gether,  
I will part them all you among.

Thenot  
And was thilk same song of *Colins* owne making?  
Ah foolish boy, that is with loue yblent:  
Great pittie is, he be in such taking,  
For naught caren, that bene so lewoly bent.  
Hobbinol.

Sicker I hold him, for a greater son,  
That loues the thing, he cannot purchase.  
But let vs homeward: for night drayeth on,  
And twyncling starres the daplight hence chase.

Thenots Embleme.

*O quam te memorem virgo?*

Hobbinols Embleme .

*O dea certe.*



GLOSSE.

Gars thee greete] causeth thee vveape and complain. Forlome] left & forsaken.  
Attempred to the yea[r] agreeable to the season of the yea[r]. that is Aprill, vvhich moneth is most bent to shoures and seasonable rayne: to quench, that is, to delaye the drought, caused through drynesse of March vvyndes.

The Ladde] Colin Clout]. The Lasse] Rosalinda. Tressed locks) wretned & curled Is he for a ladde] A straunge manner of speaking s. vvhat maner of Ladde is he? To make] to rime and versifye. For in this vword making, our olde Englishe Poetes were vvon to comprehend all the skil of Poetrye , according to the Greeke vvoorde μηδεια to make, whence commeth the name of Poetes.

D ij.

Colin

## April.

**Colm** thoukenst knowest. Seemeth hereby that **Colin** perteyneth to some Southerm noble man, and perhaps in Surrie or Kent, the rather because he so often nameth the Kentish dounnes, and before, As lythe as lasse of Kent.

**The VVidorves**] He calleth Rosalind the VVidowes daughter of the glenne, that is, of a country Hamlet or borough, which I thinke is rather sayde to colour and concle the person, then simply spoken. For it is vwell knownen, eu'en in spighte of Colin and Hobbinoll, that shee is a Gentle ywoman of no meane houle, nor endewed wth anye vulgare and common gifts both of nature and manners: but suche indecde, as neede nether Colin be alhamed to haue her made knowne by his verses, nor Hobbinol be greued, that so she should be commended to immortalite for her rare and singular Vertues: Specially deseruing it no lesse, then eyther Myrto the most excellēt Poete Theocritus his dearling, or Lauretta the divine Petrarches Goddesse, or Himera the vvorthy Poete Stelichorus hys lido: Vpon vyhōm he is sayd so much to haue doted, that in regard of her excellēce, he scorne & wrote against the beauty of Helena. For which his presumptuous and vnheede hardinesse, he is sayde by vengeance of the Gods, therat being offended, to haue lost both his eyes.

**Frenne**] a straunger. The word I thinke vvas first poetically put, and afterwarde vsed in commen custome of speach for frenne.

**Dighi**] adorned. **Laye**] a songe, as Roundelayes and Virelayes  
In all this songe is not to be respecked, vwhat the worthinesse of her Maiestie deserueth, nor vwhat to the highnes of a Prince is agreeable, but vwhat is molte comely for the meanesse of a shepheards witt, or to concerne, or to vtter.  
And therefore he calleth her Elyla, as through rudenesse tripping in her name: & a shepheards daughter, it being very vnsit, that a shepheards boy brought vp in the shepefold, shold know, or euer seme to haue heard of a Queenes roialty.

**Ye dairic**] is, as it vvere an Exordium ad preparandos animos.

**Virgins**] the nine Muses, daughters of Apollo & Memorie, vwhose abode the Poets faine to be on Parnassius, a hill in Grece, for that in that countrey specially florished the honor of all excellent studies.

**Helicon**] is both the name of a fountaine at the foote of Parnassius, and also of a mountaine in Bæotia, out of which floweth the famous Spring Castalius, dedicate also to the Muses: of vwhich spring it is sayd, that vntien Pegasus the winged horse of Perseus (whereby is meant fame and flying renomme) strooke the grovnde with his hoofe, sodenly thereour sprang a vvel of molte cleare and pleasaunte water, vwhich stro-thēe forth was consecrate to the Muses & Ladies of learning.

Your siluer song] seemeth to imitate the lyke in Hesiodus οὐρανοῖς μέλος.

**Syrinx**] is the name of a Nymphie of Arcadie, whom when Pan being in loue purisched, the flying frō him, of the Gods was turned into a reede. So that Pan catching at the Reedes in stede of the Damoell, and puffing hard (for he vvas almost out of wind) with hys breath made the Reedes to pype: vvhich he seeing, tooke of them, and in remembraunce of his lost loue, made him a pype thereof. But here by Pan and Syrin is not to bee thought, that the shephearde simplye meante those Poetical Gods, but rather supposing (as seemeth) her graces progenie to be diuine and immortall (so as the Paynims were wont to iudge of all Kinges and

and Princes, according to Homeres saying.

Θεοὺς δὲ μέγας ἐστὶ διοπίστος Βασιλεὺς,  
ναυὶ δὲ εἰς ἵππον φέρει δὲ πάντα τὰ Ζεῦς.)

could despise no parents in his iudgement so worthy for her, as Pan the shepheards God, and his best beloved Syrinx. So that by Pan is here meant the most famous and victorious King, her highnesse Father, late of worthy memory K. Henry the eyght. And by that name, oftymes (as hereafter appeareth) be noted kings and mighty Potentates: And in some place Christ himselfe, who is the very Pan and god of Shepheards.

**Creniosin.coronet]** he deuiseith her crowne to be of the finest and most delicate flowers, instede of peries and precious stones, wherewith Princes Diademes vse to bee adorned and embost.

**Embellish]** beautifye and set out.

**Phebe]** the Moone, whom the Poets faine to be sister vnto Phœbus, that is the Sunne.

**Medled]** mingled.

**Yfere]** together. By the mingling of the Redde rose and the VVhite, is meant the uniting of the two principall houses of Lancaster and of Yorke: by vvhose longe discord and deadly debate, this realm many yeares was sore trauailed, & almost cleane decayed. Til the famous Henry the seventh, of the line of Lancaster, taking to vwife the most vertuous Princesse Elisabeth, daughter to the fourth Edward of the house of Yorke, begat the most royal Henry the eyght aforesayde, vvhom vvas the fiftie vunion of the VVhyte Rose and the Redde.

**Calliope]** one of the nine Muses: to vvhom they assigne the honor of all Poetical Invention, & the fiftie glorye of the Heroicall verse, other say, that shee is the Goddessle of Rhetorick: but by Virgile it is manifeste, that they mystake the thyng. For there in-hys Epigrams, that arte seemeth to be attributed to Polymnia, saying: Signat cuncta manu, loquiturque Polymnia gestu.

which seemeth specially to be meant of Action and election, both special partes of Rhetorick: befide that her name, vvhich (as some confirme it) importeth great remembraunce, conterneith another part, but I holde rather, vvhith them, vvhich call her Polymnia or Polyhymnia of her good singing.

**Bay branches]** be the signe of honor & victory, & therfore of mighty Conquerors worn in theyr triumphes, & eke of famous Poets, as saith Petrarch in-hys Sonets.

Arbor vittoriosa triomphale,  
Honor d' Imperadori & di Poëti, &c.

**The Graces]** be three sisters, the daughters of Jupiter, (whose names are Aglaia, Thalia, Euphrosyne, & Homer onely addeth a fourth, f. Pasithaea) otherwise called Charites, that is thanks, vvhich the Poetes sayued to be the Goddesses of alhounte & comelines, vvhich therefore (as sayd Theodontius) they make three; to wete, that men first ought to be gracious & bountiful to other freely, then to receiue benefits at other mens hands curteously, and thirdly to requite them thankfullly: vvhich are threē fundry Actions in liberalitie. And Boccace saith, that they be painted naked, (as they were indeede on the tombe of C. Iulius Caesar) the one hauing her backe toward vs, and her face fromwarde, as proceeding from

## April.

vs: the other two toward vs, noting double thankes to be due to vs for the benefit, we haue done.

Deafly] Finelye and nimblly.

Soote] Sweete.

Merriment] Mirth.

Beuie] A beuie of Ladys, is spoken figuratively for a company or troupe. the terme is taken of Larkes. For they say a Beuie of Larkes, even as a Couey of Partridge, or an eye of Pheasaunts.

Ladyes of the lake] be Nymphes. For it vvas an olde opinion amonstre the Auncient Heathen, that of every spring and fountaine vvas a goddesse the Soueraigne.

VVhiche opinion stukke in the myndes of men not manye yeares sithence, by meanes of certain fine fablers and lowdlyers, such as were the Authors of King Arthur the great and such like, who tell many an vnlayfull leafing of the Ladyes of the Lake, that is, the Nymphes. For the word Nymphe in Greeke signifieth VVell water, or oþerwylle, a Spouse or Bryde.

Bedight] called or named.

Clonis] the name of a Nymph, and signifieth greenesse, of yvhorne is sayd, that Zephyrus the VVesterne wind being in loue with her, and coueting her to wyfe, gaue her for a dowrie, the chiesedome and soueraignyte of al flowres and greene herbes, growing on earth.

Oliues bene] The Oliue vvas vwant to be the ensigne of Peace and quietnesse, eyther for that it cannot be planted and pruned, and so carefully looked to, as it ought, but in time of peace: or els for that the Oliue tree, they say, will not grovve neare the Fyre tree, vvhich is dedicaþ to Mars the God of battaile; and vied most for speares and other instruments of warre. VVhereupon is finely feigned, that vwhen Neptune and Minerva strove for the naming of the citie of Athens, Neptune striking the ground with his mace, caused a horse to come forth, that importeth vvirte, but at Minervas stroke sprong out an Oliue, to note that it shold be a nurse of learning, and such peaceable studis.

Binde your] Spoken rudely, and according to shephearde's simplicite.

Bring] all these be names of flowres. Sops in vyne a flowre in colour much like to a Coronation, but differing in smel and quantitye. Flowre delice, that which they vse to missterme Plovvre de loris, being in Latinne called Flos deliciarum.

A Bellibone] of a Bonibell, homely spoken for a fayre mayde or Bonblasse.

Forsworek] and forsware] ouerlaboured and farraburke.

I saw Phæbus] the sunne. A sensible Narration, & present view of the thing mentioned, which they call *natura*.

Cynthia] the Moone so calld of Cynthia a hyll, wher she was honoured.

Latonaes seede] VVas Apollo and Diana. VVhom wheras Niobe the wiffe of Amphilion scorned, in respect of the noble stucte of her wombe, namely her seuen sonnes, and so many daughters, Latona being therewith displeased, commaunded her sonne Phæbus to slay al the sonnes, and Diana al the daughters, where at the vnsortunate Niobe being sore dismayed, and lamenting out of measure, vwas seigned of the Poetes, to be turned into a stone vpon the sepulchre of her children, for which cause the shepheard sayth, he vwill not compare her to them, for feare of like my fortune.

Now rife] is the conclusion. For having so decked her vwith prayses and comparasons, he returne

returneth all the thanck of hys laboure to the excellencie of her Maicstie.

VVhen Damfins] A base revvard of a clovnish guer.

Yblent] Y, is a poetical addition.blent blinded.

Embleme.

This Poefye is taken out of Virgile, ahd there of him vsed in the person of Aeneas to his mother Venus, appearing to him in likenesse of one of Dianaes damosells:be-  
ing there most diuinely set forth. To vwhich similitude of diuinistic Hobbinoll  
comparing the excellency of Elisa, and being through the wordyness of Colins  
song, as it were, ouercome with the huguenesse of his imagination, bruste ih out  
in great admiration,(O quam te memore virgo?) being otherwise vnhable, then  
by soddein silence, to exprefse the vworthinesse of his conceipt. VVhom Thenot  
answereth. vwith another part of the like verſe, as confirming by his graunt and  
approuaunce, that Elisa is nowwhit inferior to the Maicstie of her, of vvhom  
that Poete so boldly pronounced; O dea certe.

Maye.



*Aegloga Quinta.*

ARGUMENT.

In this firſte Aeglogue, under the persons of two ſhepheards Piers & Pa-  
linodie, he repreſented two formes of paſtaures or Minifters, or the pro-  
teſtant and the Catholique: whose chiefe talke standeth in reaſoning, whether  
the life of the one muſt be like the other. with whom bauing theſeed, that it  
is daungerous to maintaine any fellowship, or give too much credit to their co-  
lourable

## *Maye.*

*lourable and feyned good will, he telletb him a tale of the foxe, that by such  
a counterpoynct of craftines deceived and devoured the credulous kidde.*

Palinode. Piers,

I S not thilke the mery moneth of May,  
When loue lada masken in fresh aray?  
How falleth it then, we no merrier bene,  
Vlike as others, girt in galwy greene?  
Our bloncket liuerpes bene all to sadde,  
For thilke same season, when all is ycladd  
With pleasaunce the ground with grasse, the Woods  
With greene leaues, the bulhes with blosoming buds.  
Doughthes folke now flocken in every where,  
To g ather may bus-kets and smelling bhere:  
And home they hasten the postes to dight,  
And all the Kirke piddours eare day lighte,  
With Hawthorne buds, and swete Eglantine,  
And girldons of roses and Soppys in wine.  
Such merimake holy Saints doth queme,  
But we here sytten as drownd in a dreame.

PIERS.

For Younkers Palinode such follies fitte,  
But we twap bene men of elder witt.

PALINODE.

Sicker this morrowe, ne lenger agoe,  
I sawe a shole of sheweheardes ougoe,  
With singing, and shouting, and iolly cheere:  
Befo're them rode a lusty Tabrere,  
That to the manp a Hoome pypp playd,  
Whereto they dauncen eche one with his mayd.  
To see those folkes make such ionysaunce,  
Made my heart after the pypp to daunce.  
Tho to the greene Wood they speeden hem all,  
To seichen home May with their musicall:  
And home they bringen in a ropall throne,  
Crowned as king: and his Queene actone  
Was Lady Flora, on whom did attend  
A sayre flocke of Faeries, and a freshy bend

¶

*Maye.*

*fol. 17*

Of louely Nymphs. (O that I were there,  
To helpen the Ladys their Maybush beare)  
Ah Piers, bene not thy teerh on edge, to thinke,  
How great sport they gaynen with little swinck.

PIERS.

Perdie so farre am I from enuite,  
That their sondenesse iylly I pitie.  
Those faytours little regarden their charge,  
While they letting their sheepe runne at large,  
Passen their tyme, that shold be sparcly syent,  
In lusthede and wanton myrayment.  
Thylke same bene shepheards for the Deuils stedde.  
That playen, while their flockes be vnsedde.  
Well is it seene, theyr sheepe bene not their owne,  
That lettyn them runne at randon alone,  
But they bene hyred for little pay  
Of other, that caren as little as they,  
What fallen the flocke, so they han the fleece,  
And get all the gayne, payning but a peece.  
I mule, what account both these will make,  
The one for the hire, which he doth take,  
And thothe for leauing his Lordis caske,  
When gread Pan account of shepheherdes shall aske.

PALINODE.

Sicker now I see thou speakest of spight,  
All for thou lackest sondenele their delight.  
I (as I am) had rather be enuied,  
All were it of my foe, then sonly pittid:  
And yet if neede were, pittid would be,  
Rather, then other shold scorne at me:  
For pittied is mishappe, that nas remedie,  
But scropied bene dedes of sond foolerie.  
What shoulden shepheards oþer things tend,  
Then sith their God his good does them send,  
Reapen the fruite thereof, that is pleasure,  
The while they here liuen, at ease and leasure?  
For when they bene dead, their good is ygoe,

C. I.

*Theþ*

## *Maye.*

They sleepen in rest, well as other moe,  
Tho with them wends, what they spent in cost,  
But what they left behind them, is lost.  
Good is no good, but if it be spend:  
God giueth good for none other end.

PIERS.

Ah Palinodie, thou art a wylde childe:  
Who touches pitch mought needes be defilde.  
But shepheardes (as Algrind vsed to say,)  
Mought not live plike as men of the lave:  
With them it sits to care for their heire,  
Enaunter their heritage doe impaire:  
They must prouide for meanes of maintenaunce,  
And to continue their wont countenaunce.  
But shepheard must walke another way,  
Sike wordly louenance he must forsay.  
The sonne of his loines why should he regard  
To leau enriched with that he hath sparde?  
Should not chylde God, that gaue him that good,  
Eke cheris his child, if in his wayes he stooe?  
For if he mislike in leudnes and lust,  
Little bootes all the welth and the truff,  
That his fader les by iheritaunce:  
All will be soone wasted with misgouvernaunce.  
But through this, and other their miscreance,  
They maken many a wong theuisance,  
Reaping vp waues of welth and woe,  
The floddes whereof shall them overflowe.  
Sike mens follie I cannot compare  
Better, then to the Apes foolish care,  
That is so enamoured of her young one,  
(And yet God wote, such cause hath he nane)  
That with her hard hold, and straignt embracing,  
She stoppeth the bresch of her youngling,  
So often times, when as good is meant,  
Evill ensueth of wronȝ entent.

The time was once, and may againe retayne,

(For

*Maye.*

*fol. 18*

(For ought may happen, that hath bene besoyne )  
When Shepheards had none inheritaunce,  
Ne of land, nor see in sufferance :  
But what might arise of the bare sheepe,  
(Were it more or lesse) which they did keepe.  
Well ywis was it with Shepheards thoe:  
Mought hauing, nought feared they to forgoe.  
For Pan himselfe was their inheritaunce,  
And little them serued for their maynenaunce.  
The sheyhears God so wel them guided,  
That of nought they were bnyouided,  
Butter enough, honye, milke, and whap,  
And their flockes fleeces, hem to araye.  
But tract of tyme, and long prosperitie:  
That nource of vice, this of insisencie,  
Lulled the Shepheards in such securtie,  
That not content with loyall obeyaunce,  
Some gan to gape for greedie gouernaunce,  
And match them selfe with mighty potentaces,  
Louers of Lordship and troublers of states:  
Tho gan Shepheards swaines to looke a lost,  
And leave to live hard, and learne to ligge soft:  
Tho vnder colour of Shepheards, somewhatle  
There crept in Wolves, ful of fraude and guile,  
That often devoured their owne sheepe,  
And often the Shepheards, that did hem keepe.  
This was the first source of Shepheards sorowe,  
That now nill be quitt with batte, nor horrowe.

PALINODE.

Three thinges to heare, bene very burdenous,  
But the fourth to forbeare, is oueragious.  
Clemen that of Loues longing once lust,  
Hardly forbearen, but haue it they nrist:  
So when choler is inflamed with rage,  
Wanting reuenge, is hard to asswage:  
And who can counsell a thristie soule,  
With patience to forbeare the offred bowle?

C.2.

Buc

## *Maye.*

But of all burdeng,that a man can beare,  
Moste is,a foolges talke to beare and to heare.  
I wene the Geaunt has not sinch a weight,  
That beares on his shoulders the heauens height.  
Thou findest faulce,where nys to be found,  
And buildest strong warke vpon a weake ground:  
Thou raylest on right withouten reasor,  
And blamest hem much,for small encheason.  
How sholden shepheardeis liue,if not so?  
What? Should they pynen in payue and woe,  
Day sayd I thereto,by my deare boxrowe,  
If I may rest,I nill liue in sorowe.

Sorowe ne neede be hastened on:  
For he will come without calling anone,  
While times enduren of tranquilltie,  
Wele we frely our felicitie.  
For when approchen the stornie stowres,  
We mought with our shoulders beare of the sharpe showres.  
And sooth to sayne,mought seemeth like strife,  
That shepheardeis so witen ech others life,  
And layen her faultis the wold beforewe,  
The while their foes done sache of hem scorne,  
Let none mislike of that may not be mended:  
So conteck soone by concord mought be ended.

### PIERS.

Shepheard,I list none accordaunce make  
With shepheard,that does the right way for sake.  
And of the twaine,if choice were to me,  
Had leuer my sor,then my freend he be.  
For what concord han light and darske lam?  
Or what peace has the Lion with the Lambe.  
Such faitors,when their false harts bene bidde.  
Will doe,as did the Fox by the Kidde.

### PALinode.

Now Piers,of felowship,tell vs that saying:  
For the Ladde can keepe both our flocks from straying.

Piers

PIERS.

**T**ylke same Kidde (as I can inell devise)  
 Was too very foolith and unwise.  
 For on a tyme in Sommer season,  
 The Gare her dame, that had good reason.  
 Yode sooth abyside unto the greene wood,  
 To brouze, or play, or what shee thought good.  
 But so she had a motherly care  
 Of her young sonne, and wit to beware,  
 Shee set her youngling before her knee,  
 That was both fresh and louely to see,  
 And full of sauour, as kidde inought be:  
 His Nelle head began to shooote out,  
 And his weached hornes gan newly sprout:  
 Tho blossomes of lust to bud did beginne,  
 And spryng forly ranckly vnder his chinne.

My sonne (quoth she) (and wiche that gan weepe:  
 For carefull thoughts in her heart did creepe)  
 God blesse thee poore Draphane, as he mought me,  
 And send thee ioy of thy iollitee  
 Thy facher (that word she speake wiche paynes:  
 For a sigh had nigh rent her heart in swaine)  
 Thy facher, had he liued this day,  
 To see the braunche of his body dispilate,  
 How would he haue ioyed at this sweete sight?  
 But ah false Fortune such ioy did him spight,  
 And cutte of hys dayes with untimely woe,  
 Betraying him into the traines of hys soe.  
 Now I a maylfull widdowe behight,  
 Of my old age haue this one delight,  
 To see thee succeede in thy fachers steede,  
 And florish in flowres of lusly head.  
 For euen so thy facher his head byheld,  
 And so his hauncy hornes did he welo.

Tho marking him with melting eyes,  
 A chylling chrobbie from her hart did aryle,  
 And interruped all her other speache,

C.3.

With

## *Maye.*

With some old sorowme, that made a newe breache:  
Seemed shee lawe in the younglings face  
The olo lineaments of his fachers grace.  
At last her solein silence she broke,  
And gau his newe budden beard to stroke  
Riddie (quoth shee) thou kenst the great care,  
I haue of thy health and thy welfare,  
Whiche many wylde beakes liggen in waiste,  
For to entrap in thy tender state:  
But most the Foxe, maister of collusion:  
For he has boued thy last confusyon.  
For thy my Riddie be rul'd by mee,  
And never givē trust to his trecherees.  
And if he chaunce come, when I am abroade,  
Sperrē the yate fast for feare of fraude:  
Ne soȝ all his wroȝt, nor for his best,  
Open the doze at his request.

So schooled the Gate her wanton somme,  
That answerd his mother, all shoulde be done.  
Tho went the penisfe Damme out of doze,  
And chaunst to stombale at the threshold flore:  
Her stombaling steppe some what her amazed,  
(For such as lignes of ill luck bene dispayased)  
Vnt forth shee pode thereat halse aghast:  
And Riddie the doze sperred after her fast.  
It was not long, after shee was gone,  
But the falle Foxe came to the doze alone:  
Not as a Foxe, for then he had be kend,  
But all as a poore pedler he did wend,  
Bearing a trasse of cryfles at hys backe,  
As bells, and babes, and glasses in hys packe.  
A Biggen he had got about his brayne,  
For in his headpeace he felte a soxe payne.  
His hinder heele was wrapt in a clout,  
For with great cold he had goote the gont.  
There at the doze he cast me downe hys pack,  
And layd him downe, and groaned, Alack, Alack.

Ay

*Mayer.*

*fol. 20*

Ah deare Lord, and sweete Saint Charicee,  
That some good body woulde once pitie mee.

Well heard Kiddie al this sore constraint,  
And lengd to know the cause of his complaince:  
Tho creeping close behynd the Wickett clinck,  
Preuelie he peeped out throught a chinck:  
Yet not so prettily, but the Foxe him spyped:  
For deceifull meaning is double eyed.

Ah good young maister (then gan he crye)  
Jesus blesse that sweete face, I clypy,  
And kerpe your copple from the carefull stounds,  
That in my carton carcas abounds.  
The Kid pitying hys heauinelle,  
Asked the cause of his great distresse,  
And also who, and whence that he were,  
Tho he, that had well ycond his lere,  
Thus medled his talke with many a teare,  
Sick, sick, alas, and little lack of dead,  
But I be relieued by your beastlyhead.  
I am a poore Sheepe, albe my coldure bonner,  
For with long trauelle I am byent in the sonne.  
And if that my Grandisire me sayd, be true,  
Sicker I am very syphe to you:  
So be your goodlyhead doe not dismayne  
The base kinren of so simple swaine.  
Of mercye and fauour then I you pray,  
With your ayd to forstall my neere decay.

Tho out of his packe a glasse he tooke:  
Whererin while kiddie unwares did looke,  
He was so enamored with the newell,  
That naught he deemed deare for the fewell.  
Tho opened he the doze, and in came  
The false Foxe, as he were starke lame.  
His tayle he clapt betwixt his leggs twayne,  
Lest he shold be descrid by his trapne.

Being within, the Kidde made him good glee,  
All for the lone of the glasse he did see.

E 4.

Aster

## *Maye.*

After his chere the Pedler can chat,  
And tell many lesings of this, and that :  
And how he could shewe many a fine knack,  
Tho shewed his ware, and opened his packe ,  
All save a bell, which he left behind  
In the bas-ket for the Kidde to fynd.  
Whiche when the Kidde stooped downe to catch,  
He popp'd him in, and his bas-ket did latch,  
Me stayed he once, the doze to make fast,  
But ranne awaye with him in all hast.  
Home when the doubtfull Damme had her hyde,  
She mought see the doze stand open wyde.  
All agast, lowdly she gan to call  
Her Kidde: but he nould answere at all.  
Tho on the flore she sawe the merchandise,  
Of whiche her sonne had lete to dere a pris.  
What helpe her Kidde shée knewe well was gone:  
Shée weeped, and wayled, and made great mone.  
Such end had the Kidde, for he nould warnde be  
Of craft, coloured with simplicitie:  
And such end perdie does all hem remayne,  
That of such falsers freendship bene sayne.

### P ALINODIE.

Truly Piers, thou art beside thy wif,  
Furthest fro the marke, weening it to hit,  
Now I pray thee, lette me thy tale bozrowe  
For sur sir John, to say to morrowe  
At the Kerke, when it is holliday :  
For wch he meanes, but little can say.  
But and if Foxes bene so crafty, as so,  
Much needeth all Shepheards hem to knowe.

### P I E R S.

Of their fallynde moore could I recount.  
But now the blyght Sunne gynneth to dismount :  
And for the deawrie night now doth mye,  
I hold it best for vs, home to hye.

*P alinodie.*

*Maye.*

*fol. 21*

*Palinodes Embleme.*

*Nisi quis amiserit.*

*Piers his Embleme.*

*Tis d' aymes amies;*



*G L O S S E.*

Thulke) this same moneth. It is applied to the season of the moneth, when all menne delight them selues vwith pleauance of fieldes, and gardens, and garments. Blonckett hueries) gray coates. Yclad) arrayed, Y, redoundeth, as before. In every where) a straunge, yet proper kind of speaking. Bushets) a Diminutive, f. little bushes of hauthome. Kirke) church. Queime) please. A shole) a multitude; taken of fishe, whereof some going in great companies, are sayde to swimme in a shole. Yode) vvent. Iouysfance) ioye. Svyneck) labour. Inly) entirely. Faytours) vagabonds. Great pan) is Christ, the very God of all shepheards, which calleth himselfe the greate and good shepherd. The name is most rightely (me thinkes) applyed to him, for Pan signifieth all or omnipotent, vvhich is onely the Lord Iesus. And by thae name (as I remember) he is called of Eusebius in his fift booke de Prepatat. Euangeli) vwho thereof telleth a proper storty to that purpose. VVhich story is first recorded of Plutarach, in his booke of the ceasing of oracles, & of Laueterre translated, in his booke of vvalking sprightes. vwho sayth, that about the same time, that our Lord suffered his molt bittir passion for the redemption of man, certain passengers sayling from Italy to Cyprus and passing by certain Iles called Paxæ, heard a voyce calling alovvde Thamus, Thamus, (now Thamus vwas the name of an Agyptian, vwhich was Pilote of the ship,) who giuing eare to the cry, was bidden, vhen he came to Palodes, to tel, that the great Pan vwas dead: which he doubting to doe, yet for that vwhen he came to Palodes, there sodeinly vwas such a calme of wnde, that the shipp stoode still in the sea vnmoued, he vvas forced to cry alovvd, that Pan was dead: vwherevvithall there was heard suche piteous outcrys and dreadfull shriking, as hath not bene the like. By vvhych Pan, though of some be vnderstoode the great Satanas, whose kingdome at that time vwas by Christ conquered, the gates of hell broken vp, and death by death delivered to eternall death, (for at that time, as he sayth, all Oracles surceased, and enchauated spirits, that were wont to delude the people, thenceforth held theyr peace) & also at the demaund of the Emperour Tiberius, who that Pan should be, answeire vwas made him by the vvisest and best learned, that it vwas the sonne of Mercurie and Penelope, yet I think it more properly meant of the death of Christ, the onely and very Pan, then suffering for his flock.

I as I am) seemest to imitate the commen prouerb, Malum Inuidere mihi omnes quam miscrescere.

Nas) is a syncope, for ne has, or has not: as nould, for vwould not.

Tho vwith them] doth imitate the Epitaphie of the ryotous king Sardanapalus, vvhych caused

## May.

caused to be written on his tomb in Greek: vwhich verses be thus translated by Tullie.

„ Hæc habui que edi, quæque exratura libido  
„ Hæc habui, at illa momenta multa ac præclara relata.

vwhich may thus be turned into English.

„ All that I eat did I toye, and all that I greedily gorged:  
„ As for thosé many goodly matters left I for others.

Much like the Epitaph of a good olde Erle of Deuonshire, vwhich though much more xvifedome bewraitheth, then Sardanapalus, yet hath a smacke of his sensuall delights and beastliedesse. the rymes be these.

„ Ho, Ho, who lies here?  
„ I the good Erle of Deuonshire,  
„ And Maulde my wife, that vvas ful deare,  
„ VVe liued together lv. yeare.  
„ That vve spent, vve had:  
„ That vve gave, vve haue:  
„ That vve left, vve lost.

Algrim) the name of a shepheard. Men of the Lay) Lay men. Enaunre) least that. Souenaunce) remembrance. Miscreaunce) despeire or misbelieve.

Cheuisaunce ) sometime of Chaucer vsed for gaine:sometime of other for spoyle, or bootie, or enterprise, and sometime for chiefdome.

Pan himselfe) God. according as is sayd in Deuteronomie, That in division of the lande of Canaan, to the tribe of Leue no portion of heritage should bee allotted, for G O D himselfe vvas their inheritance

Some gan) meant of the Pope, and his Antichristian prelates, which usurpe a tyrannical dominion in the Churche, and with Peters counterfeit keyes, open a wide gate to al wickednesse and insolent government. Nought here spoken as of purpose to deny fatherly rule and godly gouernance (as some malitiously of late haue done to the great vnreste and hinderaunce of the Churche) but to displaye the pride and disorder of such, as in stede of feeding their sheepe, indeede feede of theyr sheepe

Sourfe) vewspiring and original. Borrowe) pledge or libertie.

The Gauante) is the grete Atlas, vvhom the poetes signe to be a huge geaunt, that beareth Heauen on his shoulders: being in dede a mierculous highe mountaine in Mauritania, that nowv is Barbarie, vvhich to mans seeming percheth the cloudes, and seemeth to touch the heauens. Other thinke, and they not amisse, that this fable was meant of one Atlas king of the same countrye. (of vvhom may bee, that that hil had his denomination) brother to Prometheus (who as the Grekes say) did first synd out the hidden courses of the starres, by an excellent imagination vwherefore the poetes signe, that he susteyned the firmament on hys shoulders. Many other conjectures needelssis be told htereof.

VVarke) vvorke: Encheason) cause, occasion.

Deere borovv) that is our saviour, the commen pledge of all mens debtes to death.

VVytten) blame. Nought seemeth) is vnseemely. Conreck) strift contention. H[er]theyr, as vseth Chaucer. Han) for haue. Sam) together.

This

This tale is much like to that in Aesops fables, but the Catastrophe and end is farre different. By the Kidde may be ynderstoode the simple sorte of the saythfull and true Christians. By hys dame Christie, that hath alreadie wth carefull vvatchewords (as heere doth the gote) vwarmed his little ones, to beware of such doubling deceit. By the Foxe, the false and faulchess Papistes, to whom is no credit to be giuen, nor felowshipp to be vsed.

The gate) the Gote: Northermely spoken to turne O into A. Yode) went. aforesayd She sete) A figure called Fictio which vseth to attribute reasonable actions and speachcs to vnireasonable creatures.

The bloosmes of lust) be the young and mossie heares, vvhich then beginne to sprot and shoothe footth, when lustfull heate beginneth to kindle.

And with) A very Poeticall ~~name~~.

Orphane) A youngling or pupill, that needeth a Tutor and governour.

That wvord) A pathetrical parenthesis, to encrease a carefull Hyperbaton.

The braunch) of the fathers body, is the child.

For even so) Alluded to the saying of Andromache to Ascanius in Virgile.

Sic oculos, sic ille manus, sic ora feret.

A thrilling throb) a percing sighe, Liggen) lye.

Maister of collusion) Coloured guile, because the Foxe of al beasts is most wily & crafty

Sperre the yate) shut the dore.

For such) The gotes stompling is here noted as an euill signe. The like to be marked in all histories: and that not the leaste of the Lorde Haftinges in king Rycharde the third his dayes. For beside his daungerous dreame (vvhiche vvas a shrevvde prophecie of his mishap, that folowed) it is layd that in the morning ryding toward the tower of London, there to fite vppon matters of counsell, his horse stombled ruyse or thrise by the wvay: vvhich of some, that ryding wth hym in his company, were priuie to his neere destenie, vvas secredy marked, and afterward noted for memorie of his great mishap, that ensued. For being then as merye, as man might be, and least doubting any mortall daunger, he was with in two hovvres after, of the Tyranne put to a shamefull deathe.

As belles) by such trifles are noted, the reliques and ragges of popish superstition, which put no smal religion in Belles: and Babies. f. Idoles: and glasses. f. Paxes, and such lyke trumperies.

Great cold.) For they boast much of their outvvard patience, and voluntarye sufferance as a wvorke of merite and holy humblenesse.

Sweete S. Chariti. The Catholiques comen othe, and onely speache, to haue charitiye alvvayes in their mouth, and sometime in their outward Actions, but never inwardly in sayth and godly zeale.

Clincke.) a key hple. Vvhose diminutique is clicket, vsed of Chaucer for a Key.

Stroundes) fittes: aforesayde. His lere) his lesson. Medled) mingled.

Bestlihead) agreeing to the person of a beast. Sibbe.) oskynne

Nevvell) a nevve thing. To forestall) to praevent. Glee] chere, aforesayde.

Deare : price.) his lyte; vvhich he lost for those toyes.

Such ende) is an Epiphonema, or rather the morall of the whole tale, vvhose purpose is to vwarne the protestant bevvare, howe he geueth credir to the vnsaythfull

F.2. Catholique

# May.

Catholique: vheretof vve haue dayly proofoes sufficient, but one mooste famous  
of all, practised of late yeares in Fraunce by Charles the mynth.

Fayne) gladdē or desyrous.

Our sir Iohn ) a Popish priest, A saying fit for the grosenesse of a shepheard, but spo-  
ken to taunte unlearned Prelates.

Dismount) descendē or set.

Nye) dravveth nere.

Embleme.

Both these Emblemes make one vvhole Hexametre. The first spoken of Palinodie, as in  
reproche of them, that be distrustfull, is a peice of Theognis verse, intending,  
that vwho doth most mistrust is most false. For such experiance in falsehood breed-  
eth mistrust in the mynd, thinking nolesiugle to lurke in others, then in hym-  
selfe. But Piers hereto strongly repliyeth vwith another peice of the same verse,  
sayingas in his former sable, vwhat saych then is there in the saythleise. For if  
saych be the ground of religion, vwhich sayth they dayly false, what hold then is  
there of theyr religion. And thys is all that they saye.

# Fune.



# Aegloga sexta.

## ARGUMENT.

This Aeglogue is wholly vowed to the complaining of Colins illsuccesse  
in his loue. For being (as is a foresaid) enamoured of a Country lass Ro-  
salind, and hauing (as seemeth) founde place in her heart, he lamenteth to  
his deare frend Hobbinoll, that he is nowe forsaken vnfaitfully, and in  
his steede Menalcas, another shepheard receiued disloyally. And this is the  
whole Argument of this Aeglogue.

Hobbinoll

**HOBBINOL.** **COLIN Clore.**

**H**O Collin, here the place, whose pleasant syte  
From other shades hath weare day wondryng mynde,  
Tell me, what wants me here, to woake delyte?  
The simple ayre, the gentle warbling wynde,  
So calme, so coole, as no where else I fynde:  
The grasse ground with daintye Daplyes bight,  
The Bramble bush, where Byrds of euery kynde  
To the waters fall thet tuknes attemper right.

**COLLIN.**

O happy Hobbinoill, I blesse thy state,  
That Paradise hast found, whiche Adam lost.  
Here wander may thy flock early or late,  
Withouten drede of Wolves to bene plost:  
Thy louely lapes here mayst thou freely bostre.  
But I unhappy man, whom cruell fate,  
And angry Gods pursue from coste to coste,  
Can nowhere fynd, to shudder my lucklesse pate.

**HOBBINOLL.**

Then if by me thou list aduised be,  
Forlakne the soyle, that so doth the behelch:  
Leave me those hilles, where harbrough mis to see,  
Nor holyhulb, nor htere, nor winding witcher:  
And to the dales resorte, where shipheards ritch,  
And fruicfull stoks bene every where to see.  
Were no night Rauene lodge more black then pitche,  
Nor elvish ghosts, nor gally owles doe flee.

But frenoly Faernes, met with many Graces,  
And lightere Nymphes can chace the lingring nighe,  
With Heydegyses, and trimly trodden traces,  
Whilist Systers nyne, which dwell on Parnasse bight,  
Doe make them iulick, for their moxe delight:  
And Pan himselfe to kille their christall faces,  
Will pype and daunce, when Phoebe shineth nighe:  
Such piercless pleasures haue we in thele places.

**COLLIN.**

And I, whylst youth, and courie of carelesse yeres

## Fune.

2  
Die let me walke withouten linccks of loue,  
In such delights did ioy amongst my peeres :  
But ryper age such pleauers doth reproue,  
My fancye eke from former follies moe  
To stayed steps. for time in passing weares  
(As garments doen, which were old aboue)  
And draweth newe delights with hoary heares.

Tho couth I sing of loue, and tune my pype  
Unto my plaintive pleas in verles made:  
Tho would I seeke for Queene apples vntype,  
To giue my Rosalind, and in Sonuner shade  
Dight gaudy Girlonds, was my comen trade,  
To crowne her golven lockes, bnt peeres more typle,  
And losse of her, whose loue as lyfe I wayd,  
Those weary wanton toyes away dyd wyppe.

### HOBBINOLL.

Colin, to heare thy rymes and roundelayes,  
Which thou were wont on walkfull hylls to singe,  
I moxe delighe, chen larke in Sommer dapes :  
Whose Echo made the neyghbour groues to ring,  
And taught the byrds, which in the lower syng  
Did shroude in shadie leaues from sonny rapes,  
Frame to thy songe their cheateful cheriping,  
Dy hold theyz peace, for shame of thy swete layes.

I salwe Calliope wþch Muses moe,  
Soone as thy oaten pype began to sound,  
Theyz puþp Lutes and Tamburins forgoe:  
And from the fountaine, where they sat aound,  
Renne after hastely thy siluer sound.  
But when they came, where thou thy self didst shewe,  
They drewe abacke, as halfe with shame confound,  
Shepheard to see, them in theyr art outgoe.

### COLLIN.

Of Muses Hobbinc. I come no fkill:  
For they bene daughters of the hyghest lone,  
And holden scorne of homely Shepheards quill.

June.

fol 24

For sith I heard, that Pan with *Pebbus* stonne,  
Whiche him so much rebuke and Daunger droue:  
I never lyst presume to *Parnasse* hyll,  
But ypping lowe in shad of lowly groue,  
I play to please my selfe, all be it ill.

Nought weigh I, who my song doth prayse or blame  
Ne striue to winne renowne, or passe the rest:  
With shepheards sittes not, followe flying fame:  
But seewe his flocke in fielde, where falls hem best.  
I wote my rymes bene rough, and crudely prest:  
The fynner they, my carefull case to frame:  
Enough is me to paint out my brest,  
And pooge my piteous plaints out in the same.

The God of shepheards *Tityrus* is dead,  
Who taught me homely, as I can, to make.  
He, whilst he liued, was the soueraigne head  
Of shepheards all, that bene with loue ytaker.  
Well couth he wayle hys woes, and lightly slake  
The flames, which loue within his heart had byedd,  
And tell vs mery tales, to keepe vs awake,  
The while our sheepe about vs safelie sedde.

Nowe dead he is, and lyeth wrapt in lead,  
(O why shold death on hym such outrage shewe?)  
And all hys palling skil with him is ilde,  
The same whereof doth dayly greater growe.  
But if on me soone little drops would flowe,  
Of that the syng was in his learned hedde,  
I soone would learne these woodes, to wayle my woe,  
And teache the trees, their trickling teares to shedde.

Then shold my plaints, caud of discuteler,  
As messengers of all my painfull plighe,  
Flye to my lone, wher euer that she bee,  
And pierce her heart with poynt of worshy wight:  
As she deserues, that wrought so deadly spight.

F.4.

And.

## *Fune.*

And thou Menistras, that by trecherie  
Didst underfong my lasse, so were so light,  
Shouldest well be knowne for such thy villanee.

But since I am not, as I wish I were,  
Ye gentle shepheards, which your flocks do feede,  
Whether on hilles, or dales, or other wher,  
Beare witnesse all of thys so wicked deede:  
And tell the lasse, whose flowre is woe a weede,  
And faulchisse sayth, is turned to faithlesse fere,  
That he the truest shepheards hart made bleede,  
That lyues on earth, and loued her most vere.

H O B B I N O L .

O carefull Colin, I lament thy case,  
Thy teares would make the hardest flint to flowre,  
Ah faithlesse Rosalind, and boide of grace,  
That art the roote of all this ruthfull woe.  
But now iz time, I gesse, homeward to goe:  
Then ryse ye blessed flocks, and home apace,  
Least night with stealing steppes do: you forflore,  
And west your tender Lambes, that by you trace.

Colins Embleme.

## *Gia speme spenta.*



Syte) situation and place.

Paradise) A Paradise in Greeke signifieth a Garden of pleasure, or place of delights. So he compareth the sole, vtherin Hobbinoll made his abode, to that earthly Paradise, in scripture called Eden; vherein Adam in his first creation vras placed. Vwhich of the most learned is thought to be in Mesopotamia, the most fertile and pleasaunte country in the vworld, (as may appear by Diodorus Syculus description of it, in the historie of Alexanders conquest thereof.) Lying betweene the two famous Ryvers (which are sayd in scripture to flowre out of Paradise) Tygris and Euphrates, whereof it is so denominated.

Forsake the soyle) This is no poetical fiction; but vnsceynedly spoken of the Poete selfe, who for speciall occasion of priuate affayres (as I haue bene partly of himselfe informed)

informed) and for his more prefererene remouing out of the Northparts came into the South, as Hobbinoll indeede aduised him priuately.

Nis) is not.

**Those hylles** that is the North countrye, where he dwelt. The Dales) The Southpartes, whiche he nowe abydethe, which thoughte they be full of hylles and vwoodes (for Kent is very hyllye and woodye; and therefore so cal- led: for Kanfsh in the Saxons tongue signifieth vwoodie) yet in respecte of the Northpartes they be called dales. For indeede the North is counted the higher countrye.

**Night Rauens &c.)** by such hatefull byrdes, hee meaneth all misfortunes (VWhereof they be tokenes) flying every vwhere.

Frendly faeries) the opinion of Faeries and elbes is very old, and yet sticketh very religi- ously in the myndes of some. But to roote that rancke opinion of Elbes oute of mens hearts, the truthe is, that there be no such thinges, nor yet the shadowes of the things, but onely by a sort of bald Friets and knauish shauelings so feigned; which as in all other things, so in that, soughte to nouell the comen people in ignorounce, least being once acquainted with the truth of things, they vwoulde in tyme stell out the vntruth of theyr packed pelfe and Massyeneie religion. But the sooth is, that vwhen all Italy was distracte into the Factours of the Gu- elses and the Gabelins, being two famous houses in Florence, the naine began through their great mischieses and many outrages, to be so odious or rather dreadfull in the peoples eares, that if theyr children at any time vvere frowarde and vvanter, they would say to them that the Guelle or the Gabelinc came.

VWhich vwords novve from them (as many thinges els) be come into our vsage; and for Guelses and Gabelines, we say Elfes & Goblins. No otherwise then the Frenchme vsed to say of that valiant captain, the very scourge of Fraunce, the Lord Thalbot, afterward Erle of Shrevsbury; whose noblesse, bred such a terror in the hearts of the French, that oft times euern great armies vvere defac- ted & put to fyghe at the onely hearing of hys naine. In somuch that the Fréch vvenmen, to affray theyr chyldren, vwould tell them that the Talbot commeth.

**Many Graces)** though there be indeede but three Graces or Charites (as afore is sayd) or at the vtmost but four, yet in respect of many gyftes of bountie, there may be sayde more. And so Musæus sayth, that in Heros eyther eye there satte a hundred graces. And by that authoritye, thys same Poete in his Pageants sayth. An hundred Graces on her eyaledde face. &c.

**Haydegues)** A country daunce or rovnd. The conceit is, that the Graces and Nym- phes doe daunce vnto the Mules, and Pan his musicke all night by Moonelight. To signifie the pleasauntnesse of the soyle.

**Peers]** Equalles and felow shepheards. Queneapples vnrripe) imitating Virgils verse. Ipse ego cana legam tenera lanugine mala.

**Neighbour groues)** a straunge phrase in English, but vword for vword expressing the La- tine vicina nemora.

**Spring)** not of vwater, but of young trees springing. Calliope) aforesayde. Thys staffe is is full of verie poetical inuention. Tamburines) an olde kind of instrument, vwhich of some is supposed to be the Clarion.

**Pan vwith Phæbus)** the tale is weli knowne, howe that Pan and Apollo striuing for ex- cellencie

## Fune.

cellencye in trusicke, chose Midas for their iudge. VVho being corrupted vvyth partiall affection, gaue the victorye to Pan vndeserued: for vvhich Phœbus ferre a payre of Asies eares ypon hys head &c.

Tityrus) That by Titycus is meant Chaucer, hath bene already sufficiently sayde, & by thys more playne appeareth, that he sayth, he tolde merye tales. Such as be hys Canterbury tales. vvhom he calleth the God of Poetes for hys excellencie, so as Tullie calleth Lentulus, Detum vitæ sive .i. the God of hys lyfe.

To make] to versifie. O vvhyl] A pretye Epanorthosis or correction.

Discurtesie] he meaneth the falso[nesse] of his louer Rosalinde, who forsaking hym, hadde chosen another.

Poynte of worthy wite] the prickc of deserued blame.

Menalcas] the name of a shephearde in Virgile; but here is meant a person vndeowne and secrete, agaynt vvhom he often bitterly inwayeth.

vnderst...ge] vndermynde and deceiue by false suggestion.

Embleme.

You remember, that in the syrft Æglogue, Colins Poesie vvas Anchors speme : for that as then there vvas hope of fauour to be found in tyme. But novve being cleane forlorne and reiecte of her, as whose hope, that was, is cleane extinguisched and turned into despoyre , he renounceth all comfort and hope of goodnesse to come. vvhich is all the meaning of thys Embleme.





### Ægloga septima.

#### A R G V M E N T.

**T**HIS Æglogue is made in the honour and commendation of good sheperdes, and to the shame and dispraye of proude and ambitious Pastours. Such as Morrell is here imagined to bee.

Thomalin.                    Morrell.

I S not thilke same a gotheard proude,  
that sittes on yonder bancke,  
Whose straying heard them selfe doth shrowde  
emong the bushes rancke?

Morrell.

What ho, thou iollye shepheards swayne,  
come vp the hyll to me:  
Better is, then the lowly playne,  
als for thy flocke, and thee.

Thomalin:

Ah God sheld, man, that I should clime,  
and learne to looke aloft,  
This reede is ryse, that oftentime  
Great clymers fall vnsafte.

G.2.

In

## *July.*

In humble dales is sodding fast,  
the trove is not so trickle:  
And though one fall through heedlesse hast,  
yet is his misle not mickle.  
And now the Sonne hath reared by  
his syxiesooed ceme,  
Makynghis way betweene the Cuppe,  
and golden Diademe:  
The rampant Lyon hunteth fast,  
with Dogge of noysome breath,  
Whose balefull barking bringes in halfe  
pyne, plagues, and dreery death.  
Agaynste his cruell scotching heare  
where hast thou ouverture?  
The wastefull hylls unto his threate  
is a playne ouverture.  
But if thee lust to holden chat  
with seely shepherds swayne,  
Come downe, and learne the little what,  
that Thomatkin can sayne.

Morell.

Syker, thou but a laesie lord,  
and rekes muchy of thy swinch,  
That with sondiermes, and weetlesse words  
to blere myne eyes doest thinke.  
In euill houre than hentest in hond  
thus holy hylls to blame,  
For sacred unto saints they stond,  
and of them han they name.  
S. Michels mount who does not know,  
that wardes the Westerne costes?  
And of S. Bigets bowme I crow,  
all Kent can righly boaste:  
And they that con of Muses skill,  
sayne most what, that they dwell  
(As gotheards won) vpon a hill,  
beside a learned well.

End

And wonned not the great God Pan,

Upon mount Oliuet:

Feeding the blessed flocke of Dan,

Which dyd himselfe beget?

Thomalin.

O blessed sheepe, O shepheard great,

That bought his flocke so deare,

And them did saue with bloudy sweat

From Wolves, that would them teare.

Morrel.

Besyde, as holy fathers sayne,

There is a hyllye place,

Where Titan ryseth from the mayne,

To renne bys dayly race.

Upon whose toppe the starres bene stayed,

And all the skie doth leane;

There is the caue, where Pebe layed,

The shepheard long to dreame.

Whilome there used shepheards all

To feede theyr flockes at will,

Till by his folly one did fall,

That all the rest dyd spill.

And sithens shepheardes bene foresayd

From places of delight:

For thy I weene thou be affrayd,

To clime this hilles height.

Of Synab can I tell thee moze,

And of our Ladys bowre:

But little needes to strow my store,

Suffise this hill of our.

Here han the holy Faunes resourse,

And Syluanes hauncen rathe.

Here has the salt Medway his course,

Wherein the Nymphes doe bathe.

The salt Medway, that trickling streamis

Adowne the dales of Kent:

G.3.

Till

## *Julye.*

Till with his elder brother Themis  
His brackish waues be meynt.  
Here growes *Melampode* every where,  
and *Teribintb* good for Gotes:  
The one, my madding kiddes to smere,  
the next, to heale theyr throtes.  
Pereto, the hills bene nigher heuen,  
and thence the passage eth.  
As well can p;oue the piercing leuin,  
that seeldome falls bynethe.

Thomalin.

Syker thou speakes lyke a lewde boyrell,  
of Hauen to demysse:  
How be I am but rude and boyrell,  
yet nearer wayes I knowe.  
To Kerke the narre from God moxe satte,  
has bene an old sayd sawe.  
And he that strives to touch the starres,  
oft stumbles at a strawe,  
Alsoone may shepheard clymbe to skye,  
that leades in lowly dales,  
As Goteherd prouid that sitting hye,  
upon the Mountaine saples.  
My seely sheepe like well belowe,  
theyr neede not *Melampode*:  
For they bene hale enough, I trowe,  
and likyn theyr abode.  
But if they with thy Gotes shold yede,  
they soone myght be corrupted:  
Dy like not of the frowie seve,  
or with the weedes be glutted.  
The hylls, where dwelled holy saints,  
I reverence and adoe:  
Not for themselfe, but for the saynts,  
Which han be dead of yore.  
And nowe they bene to heauen forewent,  
theyr good is with them goe:

They

They sample onely to vs lente,  
That als we mought doe sde.  
Shepheards they weren of the best,  
and lived in lowlye leas:  
And sith they soules bene now at rest,  
why done we them disease?  
Such one he was, (as I haue heard  
old Algrind often sayne)  
That whilome was the first shepheard,  
and lived with little gayne:  
As meeke he was, as meeke mought be,  
simple, as simple sheepe,  
Humble, and like in eche degree  
the flocke, whiche he did keepe.  
Often he bled of hys keepe  
a sacrifice to byng,  
Nowe with a Kidde, now with a Cheepe  
the Altars hallowing.  
So lowred he unto hys Lord,  
such fauour couch he fynd,  
That sithens never was abhord,  
the simple Shepheards kynd.  
And such I weene the brethren were,  
that came from Canaan:  
The brethren cruelde, that kept ysere  
the flockes of mighty P'an.  
But nothing such thilk Shephearde was,  
whom I da hyll dyd beare,  
That left hys flocke, to fetch a lasse,  
whose loue he bought to deare:  
For he was proude, that all was payd,  
(no such mought Shepheards bee)  
And with lewde lust was overlayd:  
tway things doen till agree:  
But Shepheard mought be meeke and mylwe,  
well eyed, as Argus was,

## *Julye.*

With fleshly follyes vndesyled,  
and stoute as steede of brasle.  
Sike one (sayd Algyrin) Moses was,  
that sawe hys makers face,  
His face more cleare, then Chistall glasse,  
and spake to him in place.  
This had a brother, (his name I knewe)  
the first of all his cote,  
A shepheard crewe, yet not so true,  
as he that earst I hote  
Whilome all these were lowe, and lief,  
and loued their flocks to feede,  
They never strouen to be thiese,  
and simple was they tweve.  
But now (thanked be God therefore)  
the world is well amend,  
Their weedes bene not so mighty wrore,  
such simplesse mought them shend:  
They bene yclad in purple and pall,  
so hath they god them blist,  
They reigne and rulen ouer all,  
and lord it, as they list:  
Bygryt with belts of glitterand gold.  
(mought they good shepheards bene)  
They han they sheepe to them has sold,  
I saye as some haue seene.  
For Palinode (ffchou hin ken)  
yode late on Pilgrimage  
To Rome; (if such be Rome) and then  
he sawe thylke misusage.  
For shepheards (sayd he) there doen trade,  
as Lordes done other where,  
They sheepe han crustes, and they the bread:  
the chippes, and they the cheare:  
They han the fleece, and eke the fleshy,  
(O seely sheepe the while)  
The corne is theyre, let other thresh,  
their hands they may not file. They

They han great goxes, and thristye flockes,  
great frendes and feeble foes:  
What neede hem caren for their flockes?  
they boyes can looke to those.  
These wilards weltre in welths waues,  
pampred in pleasures deepe,  
They han satte kernes, and leany knaues,  
their fastyng flockes to keepe.  
Sike misiter men bene all misgone,  
they heapan hylles of math:  
Sike sylye shepheards han we none,  
they keepen all the path.

Morrell.

Here is a great deale of good matter,  
lost for lacke of telling,  
Now sicker I see, thou doest but clatter:  
harme may come of melling.  
Thou medlest moxe, then shall haue thanke,  
to wryten shepheards welth:  
When folke bene fat, and riches rancke,  
it is a signe of helch.  
But say me, what is Algrin he,  
that is so oft bynempt.

Thomalin.

He is a shepheard great in gree.  
but hath bene long ppent.  
One daye he sat byon a hyll,  
(as now thou wouldest me:  
But I am caught by Algrins ill  
to loue the lowe degree.)  
For sitting so with bared scalpe,  
An Eagle sozed hym,  
That weening hym whyte head was chalke,  
a shell fishe downe let flye:  
She weend the shell fishe to haue bwoake,  
but therewith bwoozd his brayne,  
So now astonied with the stroke,  
be lyes in lirring payne.

W

Morrell.

## *Iulye.*

Morcell.

Ah good Algrin, his hap was ill,  
but shall be better in time.  
Now farewell shepheard, sith thys hyll  
thou hast such doubt to climbe.

Palinodes Embleme.

## *In medio virtus.*

Morrells Embleme.

## *In summo felicitas.*



G L O S S E.

A Goteheard] By Gotes in scripture be represented the wicked and reprobate, vvhose pastour also must needs be such:

Bank) is the feate of honor. Straying heard] which wander out of the waye of truth. Als] for also. Clymbe] spoken of Ambition. Great clymbers] according to Sene-

neca his yerse, Decidunt celsa grauiore lapsus . Muckle] much.

The sonne] A reaon, why he refuseth to dwell on Mountaines, because there is no shelter against the scotching sunne, according to the tyme of the yeare, vvhiche is the vvhottest moneth of all.

The Cupp and Diademe] Be tvvo signes in the Firmament, through vvhich the sonne maketh his course in the moneth of Iuly.

Lion] Thys is Poetically spoken, as if the Sunne did hunt a Lion, vvhich one Dogge.

The meaning vwhereof is, that in Iuly the sonne is in Leo At vvhich tyme the Dogge starre, vvhich is called Syrius or Canicula regneth, vvhich immoderate heate causing Pestilence, drougth, and many diseases.

Overture] an open place. The vword is borowved of the French, & vsed in good writers To holden chate, to take and prate,

A loorde] vwas vwon among the old Britons to signifie a Lorde . And therefore the Danes, that long time vsurped theyr Tyrannie here in Brytanice, vvc re called for more dread and dignitie, Lurdane s. Lord Danes. At vvhich tyme it is sayd, that the insolencie and pryde of that nation vwas so outragious in thy Realme, that if it fortuned a Briton to be going ouer a bridge, and savve the Dane set foote vpon the same, he muiste retorne back, till the Dane vvere cleane ouer, or els abyde the prye of his displeasure, whiche vwas no lesse, then present death. But being afterwärde expelled that name of Lurdane became so odious vnto the people, whom they had long oppressed, that even at this daye they vs for more reproche, to call the Quartaneague the Feuer Lurdane.

Recks much of thy swinck)counts much of thy paynes. VVeetelasse ]not understande.

S. Michels

S. Michelis mount) is a promontorie in the VVest part of England.

A hill] Parnassus aforesayd. Pan Christ. Dan) One trybe is put for the whole nation per Synecdochen

VVhere Titan) the Sonne. VVhich story is to be redde in Diodorus Syc. of the hyl Ida; from whence he sayth, all night time is to bee seene a mightye fire, as if the skye burned, vvhich tovvard morning beginneth to gather into a rownd forme, and thereof ryseth the sonne, whome the Poetes call Titan :

The Shepherd] is Endymion, vvhom the Poets sayne, to haue bene so beloued of Phœbe, the Moone, that he vvas by her kept a sleepe in a cue by the space of xxx. yeares, for to enioye his companye.

There) that is in Paradise, vvhile through errore of shepheards vnderstanding, he sayth, that all shepheards did vfe to feede theyr flocks, till one, (that is Adam by hys follye and disobedience, made all the rest of hys offspring be debarred & shunne out from thence.

Synah) a hill in Arabia, vvhile God appeared.

Our Ladyes bovvre) a place of pleasure so called.

Faunes or Syluanes] be of Poetes feigned to be Gods of the VVoodie.

Medway] the name of a Ryuer in Kent, which running by Rochester, meeteth with Thames, whom he calleth his elder brother, both because he is greater, and also falleth sooner into the Sea.

Meynt] mungled. Melampode and Terebinth] be hearbes good to cure diseased Gotes. of thone speakest Mantuan, and of thother Theocritus.

Nigher heaven] Note the shepheards simplicitie, vvhich supposeth that from the hylls is nearer waye to heaven.

Lenin] Lightning, vvhich he takeith for an argument, to proue the nighnes to heaven, because the lightning doth comenly light on hygh mountaynes, according to the saying of the Poete. Feriuntque summos fulmina montes.

Lorrell] A lorrell. A borrell] a phayne fellowe. Narre] nearer.

Hale] for hole. Yede] goe. Frowye] mustye or mossie.

Of yore] long agoe. Foreyente] gone afore.

The firste shepheard] vvas Abell the righteous, vvhoso (as scripture sayth) bent hys mind to keeping of sheape, as did hys brother Cain to tilling the grounde.

His keepe] hys charge s. his flocke. Lovret] did honour and reverence.

The bretheren] the twelue sonnes of Iacob, vvhich vvere shepemasters, and lyued one lye thereupon.

VVhom Ida] Paris, which being the sonne of Priamus king of Troy, for his mother Helenas dreame, vvhich being wth child of hym, dreamed shee broughte forth a firebrand, that set all the towre of Ilium on fire, was cast forth on the hyl Ida; vvhile being fostred of shepheards, he cle in time he came a shepheard, and lastly came to knowldege of his parentage.

A lasse] Helena the wvyfe of Menelaus king of Lacedemonia, vvas by Venus for the golden Aple to her gauen, then promised to Paris, who thereupon wth a sorte of lustye Troyanes, stole her out of Lacedemonia, and kept her in Troye, which vvas the caufe of the tenne years warre in Troye, and the most famous cite

## Fulye.

of all Asia, most lamentably facked and defaced.

**Argus]** was of the Poets devised to be full of eyes, and therefore to hym was committed  
the keeping of the transformed Covv Io: So called because that in the print of  
a Covves foote, there is figured an I in the middest of an O,

**His name)** he meaneth Aaron: whose name formore Decorum, the shephearde sayth he  
hath forgot, lest his remembraunce and skill in antiquities of holy vrit should  
seeme to exceede the meane nesse of the Perfon.

Not so true) for Aaron in the absence of Moses starzed aside, and committed Idolatry.

**In purple]** Spoken of the Popes and Cardmalles, vvhich vse such tyrannical colours and  
pompous paynting.

**Glitterand)** Glittering, a Participle vsed sometime in Chaucer, but altogether in I. Goore  
Theyr Pan) that is the Pope, vwhom they count theyr God and greatest shephard.

**Palinode)** A shephearde, of vvhose report he seemeth to speake all thys.

**VVifards)** greate learned heads. **VVclter)** wallovve. **Keme)** a Churle or Farmer.  
**Sike mister men)** such kinde of men. **Surly)** stately and provyde. **Melling)** medling.  
**Bert)** better. **Bynempte)** named. **Gree)** for degree.

**Algrin** the name of a shepheard aforayde, vvhose myshap he alludeth to the chancie,  
that happened to the Poet Alchylus, that vvras brayned with a shellfish.

Embleme.

By thys poesye Thomalin confirmeth that, vvhich in hys former speach by sondrye rea-  
sons he had proued, for being both hymselfe sequestred from all ambition and  
also abhorring it in others of hys cote, he taketh occasion to prayse the meane  
and lvvly state, as that wherein is safetie vvhout feare, and quiet without dan-  
ger, according to the saying of olde Philosophers, that vertue dwelleth in the  
middest, being enuironed vwith two contrary vices: vvherto Morell replieth  
vwith continuaunce of the same Philosophers opinion, that albeit all bountye  
dwelleth in mediocrity, yet perfect felicitye dwelleth in supremacie. for they  
say, and most true it is, that happinesse is placed in the highest degree, so as if any  
thung be higher or better, then that streight way ceaseth to be perfect happnes.  
Much like to that, vvhich once I heard alleged in defence of humilitie out of a  
great doctour, Suorum Christushumilimus: which faying a gentle man in the  
company taking at the rebownd, beate backe again vvhith lyke faying of ano-  
ther Doctoure, as he sayde. Suorum deus alifimus.





## Ægloga octaua.

### ARGVMENT.

*In this Ælogue is set forth a delectable controuersie, made in imitation of that in Teocritus: whereto also Virgile fashioned his third & seuenth Ælogue. They choose for vmpere of their strife, Cuddie a neatheards boye, who having ended therir cause, reciteth also himselfe a proper song, whereof Colin be sayth was Author.*

VVillyc. Perigot. Cuddie.  
**T**ell me Perigot, what shalbe the game,  
 Wherfore with myne thou dare thy musick matche?  
 O bene thy Bagypipes renne fatre out of frame:  
 O hath the Crampe thy toynts benond with ache?

Perigot.  
 Ah Willye, when the hart is ill assayde,  
 How can Bagypipe, or toynts be well apayde?

VVillyc.  
 What the soule euill hath thee so bestadde?  
 Whilom thou was peregall to the best,  
 And wont to make the folly shepheards gladde  
 With pyppyn and dauncing, didst passe the rest.

H.3. Perigot

## August.

Perigot.

Al willye now I haue learnd a newe dairnce;  
My old musick mard by a newe mischaunce.

VVillye.

Mischiefe mought to that newe mischaunce befall,  
That so hath rast vs of our meriment.  
But reede me, what payne doth thee so appalls  
Dy louest thou, or bene thy younglings miswente?

Perigot.

Loue hath misled both my younglings, and mee:  
I pyne for payne, and they my payne to see.  
VVillye.

Perdie and wellawayerill may they thyfue:  
Neuer knewe I louers sheepe in good plight,  
But and if in rymes with me thou dare striue,  
Such fond fancies shall loone be put to flight.

Perigot.

That shall I doe, though mochell woyse I fared:  
Neuer shall be sayde that Perigot was dared.

VVillye.

Then loe Perigot the Pledge, which I plight:  
A mazer ymought of the Maple warre:  
Wherain is enchaised many a fayre sight  
Of Heres and Tygres, that maken fiers warre:  
And ouer them spred a goodly wild vine,  
Encircalled with a wanton Vuite twine.

Thereby is a Lambe in the Wolves lawes:  
But see, how fast renneth the shpheard swayne,  
To sauue the innocent from the beastes pawes:  
And here with his shpehooke hath him slayne.  
Tell me, such a cup hast thou euer sene?  
Well mought it beseme any haruest Queene.

Perigot.

Thereto will I pawne yonder spotted Lambe,  
Of all my flocke there nis like another:  
For I brought him by without the Dambe.  
But Colin Clout rafte me of his brother,

That

August.

fol.32

That he purchast of me in the playne field:  
Sore against my will was I foylt to yield.

VVillye.

Sicker make like account of his brother.  
But who shall iudge the wager wonne or lost?

Perigot.

That shall ponder heardgrome, and none other,  
Which ouer the poulle hetherward doth post.

VVillye.

But for the Sunnebeamē so sore doth vs beate,  
Were not better to shunne the scortching heates

Perigot.

Well agreed Willy : then sittē thee downe Swayne:  
Sike a song never heardest thou, but Colin sing.

Cuddie.

Gynne, when ye lyst, ye tolly shepheards twayne:  
Sike a judge, as Cuddie, were fox a king.

Perigot.

Willye.

Per.

Wil.



Tell upon a holly eue,  
hey ho hollidaye,  
When holly fathers wont to shyeue :

now gyneth this roundelay.

Sittēng upon a hill so hylle,

hey ho the high hylle,

The while my flocke did feede thereby,

the while the shepheard selfe did spill;

I saw the bouncing Bellibone,

hey ho Bonibell,

Trippin over the dale alone,

she can trippē it very well :

Well decked in a frocke of gray,

hey ho gray is greete,

And in a Kirtle of greene lave,

the greene is for maydens meeter.

A chapelet on her head she woye,

hey ho chapelet,

Of sweete Violets therein was stoe,

She sweeter then the Violet.

SPY

*August.*

¶ By shespe did leue theyr wonted foode,  
    hey ho seely shespe,  
And gazed on her, as they were wood,  
    Wooode as he, that did them keepe.  
As the bonilasse passed bye,  
    hey ho bonilasse,  
She roude at me with glauncing eye,  
    as cleare as the chissall glasse:  
Allas the Sunnys beame so bight,  
    hey ho the Sunne beame,  
Glaunceth from Phabns face so bright,  
    so loue into my hart did streme:  
Or as the thonder cleaves the cloudes,  
    hey ho the Thonder,  
Whererin the lighfome leuin shoudes,  
    so cleaves thy soule a sonder:  
Or as Dame Cyntbias siluer rape  
    hey ho the Moonelight,  
Upon the glyttering wauie doth playe:  
    such play is a pitteous plighe.  
The glaunce into my heart did glide,  
    hey ho the glyder,  
Therewith my soule was sharply gryde,  
    such woundes soone weren wider.  
Hasting to raunch the arrow out,  
    hey ho Perigot,  
I left the head in my hart roote:  
    it was a desperate shot.  
There it ranckleth ay more and more,  
    hey ho the arrowe,  
Me can I find salure for my soze:  
    loue is a carelesse sorowre.  
And though my hale with death I bought,  
    hey ho heauie cheere,  
Yet shold thilk lassie not from my thought:  
    so you may buye cold to deare.

三

Per. But whether in paynefull loue I pyne,  
 Wil. hey ho pinching Payne,  
 Per. O thy loue in welthe, she shalbe mine.  
 Wil. but if thou can her obteine.  
 Per. And if so gracielesse greefe I dye,  
 Wil. hey ho gracielesse grieve,  
 Per. Witnesse, shee slew me with her eyes  
 Wil. let thy follye be the priece,  
 Per. And you that sawe it, simple shepe,  
 Wil. hey ho the fayre flocke,  
 Per. For priece therof, my deach shall weepe,  
 Wil. and mone with many a mocke.  
 Per. So learnt I loue on a hollye eue,  
 Wil. hey ho holidaye,  
 Per. That euer since my harte did greue.  
 Wil. now endeth our roundelay.  
 Cudye,

Sicker like a roundle never heard I none.  
 Little lacketh Perigot of the bell.  
 And Willye is not greatly ouergone,  
 So weren his undersongs well adozest.  
 VVillye.

Herdgrome, I feare me, thou haue a squint eye:  
 Areeve uppightly, who has the victory?  
 Cudie.

Fayth of my soule, I deeme ech haue gayned.  
 For thy let the Lambe be Willye his owne:  
 And for Perigot so well hath hym payned,  
 To hym be the wroughten mazer alone.  
 Perigot.

Perigot is well pleased with the doome:  
 Me can Willye wite the wicelis herdgroome.  
 VVillye.

Nevere deempt moxe right of beautye I weene,  
 The shepheard of Ida, that iuged beauties Queene.  
 Cudie.

But tell me Shepherds, shold it not yshend  
 Your roundels freshly, to heare a doolefull verse

## August.

Of Rosalend(who knowes not Rosalend?)  
That Colin made,ylke can I you rehearse.

Perigot.

Now say it Cuddie,as thou art a ladde:  
With mervy thing its good to medle sadde.  
VVilly.

Faþþ of my soule,shou shalt ycrowned be  
In Colins stede, if thou this song areede:  
For neuer thing on earth so pleaserh me,  
As him to heare,or inatter of his deede,

Cuddie.

Then letteth ech unto my heauy laye,  
And tune your pypes as ruthful, as ye may.



E wastefull woodes beare wistnesse of my woe,  
Wherien my plaints did oftentimes resound:  
Ye carelesse byrds are priuie to my cryes,  
Which in your songs were wont to make apart:  
Thou pleasaunt spring hast lyd me oit a sleepe,  
Whose streames my tricklinge teares did ofte  
Resort of people doth my greefs augment,      (Augment.)  
The walled townes do worke my greate r'woe:  
The forrest wide is fitter to resound  
The hollow Echo of my carefull cryes,  
I hate the house,since thence my loue did part,  
Whose waylefull want debarres myne eyes from sleepe  
Let sirenies of teares supply the place of sleepe:  
Let all that sweete is,byrd:and all that may augment  
My doole,drawe neare More meete to wayle my woe,  
Bene the wild wooddes my sorwes to resound,  
Then bedwe,or howre,both which I fill with cryes,  
When I them see so waist, and synd no part  
Of pleasure past.Here will I dwell apart  
In galfull groue therfore,till my last sleepe  
Doe close mine eyes:so shall I not augment  
With sight of such a chaunge my restlesse woe:  
Helpe me,ye banefull byrds,whose shrieking sound  
Is ligke of dreery death,my deadly cryes.

Wolt

*August.*

*fol.34.*

Most ruthfully to lune. And as my cryes  
 (Whiche of my woe cannot bewray least part)  
 You heare all night, when nature craueth sleepe,  
 Increase, so let your ypkome yellis augment.  
 Thus all the night in plaints, the daye in woe  
 I woved haue to wayfe, till safe and sound  
 She homs returne, whose boyces siluer sound  
 To cheerefull songs can chaunge my cherelesse cryes.  
 Hence with the Nightingale will I take part,  
 That blessed byyd, that spends her time of sleepe  
 In songs and plaintive pleas, the more taungent  
 The memory of hys misdeede, that byyd her woe:  
 And you that feele no woe, | when as the sound  
 Of these my nightly cryes | ye heare apart,  
 Lee breake your sounder sleepe | and pitie augment.

Perigot.

O Colin, Colin, the shepheards ioye,  
 How I admire ech turning of thy verse :  
 And Cuddie, fresh Cuddie the liefest boye,  
 How dolefully his doole thou didst rehearse.

Cuddie.

Then blowe your pypes shepheards, til you be at homes  
 The night nigheth fast, yes tune to be gone.

Perigot his Embleme.

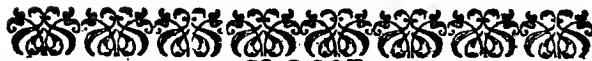
*Vincenti gloria victi.*

Willyes Embleme.

*Vinto non vitto.*

Cuddies Embleme.

*Felice chi puo.*



GLOSSE

Bestadde) disposed, ordered.  
 Raftc) bereft, deprived.

Peregall) equal.  
 Misyvent) gon a straye.

I.z.

VWhilome) once.  
 Ill may) according  
to

# August.

to Virgile. In felix o semper ouis pecus.

A mazer) So also do Theocritus and Virgile feigne pledges of their strife.  
 Enchased) engrauen. Such pretie descriptions every vvhether vseth Theocritus, to bring in  
 his Idylia. For which speciall cause indeede he by that name termeth his Æglo-  
 gues: for Idyllion in Greke signifieth the shape or picture of any thyng, vvherto  
 his booke is full. And not, as I haue heard some fondly guesse, that they be called  
 not Idyllia, but Hædilia, of the Goteheards in them.

Entrailed) vvrrough betvvene.  
 Haruest Queene) The manner of country folke in haruest tyme. Pouffe.) Pease.  
 It fell vpon) Perigot maketh hys song in prayse of his loue, to vvhō VVilly answereth e-  
 very vnder verfe. By Perigot vvhō is meant, I can not vprightly say: but if it be,  
 vvhō is supposed, his love deteruereth no lesse prayse, then he giueth her.

Greete) weeping and complaint. Chapler) a kind of Garland lyke a circuine.  
 Leuen) Lightning. Cynthia) vvas sayd to be the Moone. Gryde) perced.  
 But if) not vntlesse. Squint eye) partiall iudgement. Echhaue) so fainte Virgile.  
Et virula tu dignus, et hic &c.

So by enterchaunge of gyfes Cuddie pleaseth both partes.

Doome) judgement. Dempt) for deemed, judged. VVite the vvitelesse) blame the  
 blamelesse. The shepherd of Ida) vvas sayd to be Paris.  
 Beauties Queene) Venus, to vvhorne Paris adiudged the goldden Apple, as the pryce of  
 her beaurie

## Embleme.

The meaning hereof is very ambiguous: for Perigot by his poesie claming the cōquest, &  
 VVillye not yelding, Cuddie the arbitre of theyr cause, and Patron of his own,  
 semeth to challenge it, at his devv, saying that he is happy vvhich can so abrupt-  
 ly ending but he meaneth cyther him, that can vvin the besle, or moderate him  
 selfe being best, and leaue of vvhith the best.



September.

fol.35



## Ægloga Nona.

### A R G V M E N T.

H erein Diggon Davie is devised to be a shepheard, that in hope of more gayne, drove his sheepe into a farre countrie. The abuses whereof, and loose liuing of Popish prelates, by occasion of Hobbinols demand, be discoursed at large.

Hobbinol.

Diggon Davie.

Diggon Davie, I bidde her god daye;  
Or Diggon her is, or I mislape.

Diggon.

Her was her, while it was daye light,  
But now her is a most wretched wight.  
For day, that was, is wightly past,  
And now at earst the dirke night dath halfe.

Hobbinoll.

Diggon areede, who has thee so dighes?  
Neuer I wist thee in so poore a plight.  
Where is the fayre flocke, thou was wont to leades?  
Or bene they chaffred: or at mischiefe dead?



Diggon

o

## September.

Diggon.

Ah for loue of that, is to thee moste leefe,  
Hobbinol, I pray thee gall not my old grieves  
Sche question ripeth vp cause of newe woe,  
For one opened mote vsfolde many moe.

Hobbinoll.

Nay, but sorrow close shrouded in hart  
I know, to kepe, is a burdenous smart.  
Eche thing imparted is moxe eath to beare:  
When the rayne is fald, the cloudes wereyn cleare.  
And nowe sithence I late thy head last,  
Thysse thre Moones bene fully spent and past:  
Since when thou hast measured much grownd,  
And wandred I wene about the wold rounde,  
So as thou can many thinges relate:  
But tell me first of thy flockes astate.

Diggon.

My sheepe bene walked, (wae is me therefore)  
The iolly shepheard that was of yore,  
Is nowe nor iollye, nor shephearde moxe.  
In forein costes, men sayd, was plentye:  
And so there is, but all of miserye.  
I dempt there much to haue eeked my store,  
But such eeking hath made my hart soze.  
In tho countryes, whereas I haue bene,  
No being for those, that truely mene,  
But for such, as of guile maken gayne,  
No such countrye, as there to remaine.  
They settyn to sale their shops of shame,  
And maken a Part of theyz good, name.  
The shepheards ther robbyn one another,  
And layen baytes to beguile her brother.  
Or they will buy his sheepe out of the cote,  
Or they will caruen the shepheards throte.  
The shepheards swayne you cannot wel ken,  
But it be by his pyde, from other men:  
They looken bigge as Bulls, that bene bate,

And

# September.

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And bearen the cragge so stiffe and so state,  
As cocke on his dunghill, crowing cranck.  
Hobbinoll.

Diggon, I am so stiffe, and so stanck,  
That bñeth may I stand any more:  
And nowe the Westerne wind bloweth soze,  
That nowe is in his chieke souereignee,  
Beating the withered lease from the tree.  
Sitte we downe here vnder the hill:  
Tho may we talke, and tellen our fill,  
And make a mocke at the blustering blast.  
Now say on Diggon, what euer thou hast.  
Diggon.

Hobbin, ah hobbin, I curse the stounde,  
That euer I cast to haue lorne this grounde.  
Wel-away the while I was so fonde,  
To leave the good, that I had in hande,  
In hope of better, that was vncouth:  
So lost the Dogge the flesh in his mouch.  
My seely sheepe (ah seely sheepe)  
That here by there I whilome vld to keepc,  
All were they lustye, as thou didst see,  
Bene all sterued with pyne and penurie.  
Hardly my selfe escaped thilke payne,  
Dñuen for neede to come home agayne.  
Hobbinoll,

Ah son, now by thy losse art caught,  
That seeldome chaunge the better brought.  
Content who liues with tryed state,  
Neede feare no chaunge of frowning fate:  
But who will seeke for vnkowne gayne,  
Oft liues by losse, and leaues wch payne.  
Diggon.

I wote ne Hobbin how I was bewitcht  
With payne desyre, and hope to be enricht.  
But sicker so it is, as the bright starre  
Seemeth ay greater, when it is farre:

## *September.*

I thought the soyle wold haue made me rich:  
But nowe I wote, it is nothing siche.  
For eyther the shepheards bene ydle and still,  
And ledde of theyr sheepe, what way they wyl:  
Or they bene false, and full of couerise,  
And casten to compasse many wrong empysse.  
But the moxe bene fraight with fraud and spight,  
Ne in good nor goodnes taken delight:  
But kindle coales of conteck and yre,  
Wherewith they sette all the wold on fire:  
Which when they thicken agayne to quench  
With holy water, they doen hem all drench.  
They saye they con to heauen the high way,  
But by my soule I dare undersaye,  
They never sette foote in that same troade,  
But balk the right way, and straken abroad.  
They boast they han the deuill at commaund:  
But aske hem therefore, what they han paund.  
Marrie that great *Pan* bought with deare bovrrol,  
To quite it from the blacke bowze of sorrowe.  
But they han sold thilk same long agoe:  
For thy wolden drawe with hem many moe.  
But let hem gange alone a Gods name:  
As they han brawed, so let hem beare blame.

Hobbinoll.

Diggon, I praye thee speake not so dirke.  
Such myster saying me seemeth to mirke.

Diggon.

Then playnely to speake of shepheards most what,  
Badde is the best (this english is flatt.)  
Their ill hauour garres men missay,  
Both of their doctrine, and of their faye.  
They sayne the wold is much war then it wone,  
All for her shepheards bene beastly and blont.  
Other sayne, but howt truely I note,  
All for they holden shame of theyr cote.  
Some sticke not to say, (whote role on her tonge)

That

September.

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That like mischiefe graseth hem emong,  
All for they casten too much of woxlos care,  
To deck her Dame, and enrich her heypre:  
For such encheaslon, If you goe npe,  
Fewe chymneis reeking you shall espper  
The facce Dre, that wont ligge in the stal,  
Is nowe fast staled in her crumenall.  
Thus chaerten the people in theyz steads,  
Wlike as a Monster of many heads.  
But they that shooten neerest the pricke,  
Dayne, other the fat from their beards doen lick.  
For bigge Bulles of Basan brace hem about,  
That with theyz hornes buttten the moze stoute:  
But the leane soules treaden vnder foote.  
And to seeke redresse mought little boote:  
For liker bene they to pluck away more,  
Then ought of the gotten good to restore.  
For they bene like soule wagmoires cuerglass,  
That if thy galage once sticketh fast,  
The moze to wind it out thou doest swinck,  
Thou mought ay deeper and deeper sink.  
Yet bener haue of with a little losse,  
Then by much wrestling to leese the grotte.  
Hobbinoll.

Nowe Diggon, I see thou speakest to plaines  
Better it were, a little to leyne,  
And cleanly couer, that cannot be cured.  
Touch il, as is forced, mought nedes be endured  
But of like pastoures howe done the flocks crepes?

Diggon.

rike as the shepheards, like bene her cheepe,  
For they nill listen to the shepheards boyce,  
But if he call hem at theyz good choyce,  
They wander at wil, and stray at pleasure,  
And to theyz foldes peeld at their owne leisure.  
But they had be better come at their cal;  
For many han into mischiefe fall,

R.

And

## September.

And bene of rauenous Woolues ygent,  
All for they wold be burdnie and bente.

Hobbiholl.

Sye on thee Diggon, and all thy foule scasing,  
Well is knowpe that sich the Saroy king,  
Neuer was Woolke seene many naz some,  
Nor in all Kent, nor in Chylendumbe:  
But the fewer Woolues (the soch to sayne,)  
The more bene the Foxes that here remaine.  
Diggon.

Yes, but they gang in moxe secrete wile,  
And with sheepeis cloching doen hem disguise,  
They walke not widey as they were wonc  
For feare of raungers, and the great hunte:  
But priuely palling two and three,  
Enaunter they myght be iisy knawe.  
Hobbinal.

Or priue or pertys any bente,  
We hat great Bandogges will teare their skinnis.  
Diggon.

Indede thy ball is a bold bigge curre,  
And could make a iolly hole in thy furre.  
But not good Dogges hem needeth to chace,  
But heedy shepheards to discerne their face.  
For all their craft is in their countenaunce,  
The brie so gracie and full of mayntaunce.  
But shall I tell thee what my selfe knowe,  
Chaunced to Rossyna abt long ygoe

Hobbinal.

Say it out Diggon, what ener it hight.  
For noe but well myghte hym betlyght.  
He is so mette, wise, and mercable,  
And with his wod his worke is conuenable.  
Colin clout I wene be his selfe boye,  
(Ah for Colin he whilome my toyse)  
Shepheards sich, God myghte vs many send,  
That doen so carefullly they flockes tend.

Diggon

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Diggon.

Thilk same shepheard mought I well marke:  
He has a Dogge to byte or to barke,  
Neuer had shepheard so kene a kurre,  
That waketh, and if but a leafe sturre.  
Whilome therewonued a wicked Wolfe,  
That with many a Lamb had glutted his gulfe.  
And euer at night wont to repasse  
Unto the flocke, when the Welkin shone faire,  
Plaide in clothing of seely sheepe,  
When the good old man bled to sleepe.  
Tho at midnight he would barke and ball,  
(For he had eft learned a cures call.)  
As if a Wookfe were emong the sheepe.  
With that the Shepheard would breake his sleepe,  
And send out Lowber (for so his dog hote)  
To raunge the fields with wide open throte.  
Tho when as Lowder was farre awape.  
This Woollysheepe would catchen his pray,  
A Lambe, or a Kidde, or a weanell wale.  
With that to the wood would he speede him fast.  
Long time he bled this Slippery pranck,  
Ere Roffy could for his laboure him chanck  
At end the shepheard his practise spyd,  
(For Roffy is wise, and as Argus eyed)  
And when at euen he came to the flocke,  
Fast in theye solds he did them locke,  
And tooke out the Wolfe in his countefet cote,  
And let out the sheepe bloud at his thote.

Diggon.

Marry Diggon, what shoulde him astape,  
To take his owne wherē euer it laye?  
For had his weland bene a little widder,  
He would haue devoured both hidder & shidder.

Diggon.

Mischiese light on him, and Gods great curse,  
Too good for hym had bene a great deale woyses

R.2.

Fox

## September.

For it was a perisous beast aboue all,  
And eke had he cond the shepherds call.  
And oft in the night came to the shewecote,  
And called Lowder, with a hollow throte,  
As if it the old man selfe had bene.  
The dog his masters voice did it weare,  
Yet halfe in doute, he opened the voxe,  
And ranne out, as he was wont of yore.  
No sooner was out, but swifter then thought,  
Fast by the hyde the Wolfe lowder caughte:  
And had not Roffy renne to the steuen,  
Lowder had be slaine thilke same even.

Hobbinoll.

God shield man, he shold so ill haue thriue,  
All for he did his deuopr beliue.  
Ilsike bene Wolvees, as thou hast told,  
How mought we Diggon, hem be-hold.

Diggon.

How, but with heede and watchfulnesse,  
For stallen hem of their wilinesse?  
For thy with shewheard sittes not playe,  
Dy sleep, as some doen, all the long day:  
But euer liggen in watch and ward,  
From sodden force they flocke so to gard.

Hobbinoll.

Ah Diggon, thilke same rule were too straigthe,  
All the cold season to wach and waite.  
We bene of selve, men as other bee.  
Why should we be bound to such miserie?  
What euer thing lacketh chaungeable test,  
Mought needes decay, when it is at best.

Diggon.

Ah but Hobbinol, all this long tale,  
Mought easeth the care, that doth me sorhalle.  
What shall I doe? what way shall I wend,  
My prieours plight and losse to amend?  
Ah good Hobbinol, mought I thee praye,  
Of ayde or counsell in my decaye.

Hobbinoll

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Hobbinoll.

Mow by my soule Diggon, I lament  
The haplesse mischief, that has thee hent,  
Methelesse thou seest my lowly saile,  
That froward fortune doth euer anaile.  
But were Hobbinoll, as God mought please,  
Diggon shoud soone find fauour and eale.  
But it to my cotage thou wilt resorte,  
So as I can: I wil thee comferte:  
There mayst thou ligge in a bery bed,  
Till saynt Fortune shewe forth her head.

Diggon.

Ah Hobbinol, God mought it thee require,  
Diggon on fewe such friends did euer live.

Diggons Embleme.

*Fnopem me copia fecit.*



G L O S S E .

The Dialecte and phrase of speache in this Dialogue , seemeth somewhat to differ from the common. The cause whereof is supposed to be, by occasion of the party herein meant, vvhio being very frend to the Author hereof, had bene long in forraigne countreys, and therre seene many disorders, vvhich he here recounteth to Hobbinoll.

Bidde her) Bidde good morrow. For to bidde, is to praye, vvherto committed beades for prayers, and so they say, To bidde his beades. i. to saye his prayers.

VVightly, quicklye, or sodenlye. Chaffred) solde. Dead at mischiese) an vnusuall speache , but much vsurped of Lidgate , and sometime of Chaucer.

Leefe) deare. Et he jealse. These thre moones) nine monethes. Measured) for traveled . VVaue) vwoe Northernly. Ecked) increased. Caruen) cutte. Kerne) knovv.

Cragge) neck. State) stoutely Stancck) vveare or fainte.

And novve) He applicheth it to the tyme of the yeare, vvhich is in thend of harvest, which they cal the fall of the leafe : at vvhich tyme the VVeterne wynde beareth most svayse.

& mocke) Imitating Horace, Dcbes ludibrium ventis. Lome) lefte Soote) syvere. Vncouthe) vnknoen. Hereby there) here and there. As the brighte) Translated out of Mantuane. Emprise) for enterprise. Per Syncopen. Conck) strife.

Trode) path. Marrie that) that is, thru soules, vvhich by popish Exorcisms & peccatules they damme to hell.

Blacks

P

## September.

Blacke) hell. Gange) goe. Miser) maner. Mirke) obscure. VVare) vvorste.  
Crumenall) purse. Brace compasse. Encheson) occasion. Ouergrast) ouergrovē  
vith grasse. Galage) thot. The grosse) the whole.

Buxome and bent) mecke and obedient.

Saxon king) K. Edgare, that reigned here in Brytanye in the yeare of our Lorde.

vwhich king caused all the VVolues, vwhereof then vvas store in thy countrye,  
by a proper policie to be destroyed. So as neuer since thatetime, there haue ben  
VVolues here sounde, vntesle they were brought from other countryes. And  
therefore Hobbinoll rebuketh him of vntruth, for saying there be VVolues in  
England.

Nor in Christendome) This saying seemeth to be strange and vnreasonable: but indeede  
it vvas vront to be an olde proverbe and comen phrase. The original vwhere-  
of vvas, for that most part of England in the reigne of king Ethelbert vvas  
christened, Kent only except, vwhich remayned long after in myfbelieve and  
vnchristened, So that Kent vvas counted no part of Christendome.

Great hunt) Executing of laves and iustice. Enaunter) least that.

Inly) inwardly. afforsayde. Prcuely or pert) openly sayth Chaucer.

Rosy) The name of a shephearde in Marot his Aeglogue of Robin and the Kinge.

vvhom he here commendeth for greate care and vvisc gouernance of his flock  
Colin cloute) Novve I think no man doubteth but by Colin is euer meant the Au-  
thour selfe, vvhose especiali good freend Hobbinoll sayth he is, or more rightly  
Maister Gabriel Harvey: of vvhose speciaill commendation, avyellin Poetrye  
as Rhetorike and other choyce learning, vve haue lately had a sufficient try-  
all in diuers vvoikes, but specially in his Musarum Lachrymæ, and his late  
Gratulationū Valdinen sium vvhich boke in the progresse at Audley in Effex,  
he dedicated in vwriting to her Maiesie, afterward presenting the same in print  
vinto lier Highnesse at the vvorshipfull Maister Capells in Hertfordshire. Beside  
other his sundrie most rare and very notable vwritinges, partly vnder vuknown  
Tyles, and partly vnder counterfayt names, as hys Tyrannomafix, his Ode  
Natalitia, his Rameidos, and especially that parte of Philomulus, his diuine  
Anticosmopolita, and diuers other of lyke importance. As also by the names of  
other shpheardes, he covereth the percons of diuers other his familiar frendes  
and best acquayntance.

This tale of Rosy seemeth to coloure some particular Action of his. But vwhat, I certain  
lye knovv not. VVonne) haunted. VVelkin) kie, afforetaid.

A VVeanell-waste) a vveaned youngling. Hidder and shidder) He & she. Male  
and Female. Steuen) Noysse. Beliue) quickly. VVhat euer) Ouids verle  
translated. Quod caret alterna requie, durabile non est.

Forehaile) dravve or distresse. Vetchie) of Pease stravve.

Embleme.

This is the saying of Narcissus in Ouid. For vwhen the foolish boye by beholding hys  
face in the brooke, fell in loue vwith his ovne likenesse: and not hablie to con-  
tent him selfe vith much looking thereon, he cryed out, that plentye made him  
poore, meaning that much gazing had bereft him of fensse. But our Diggion v-  
seth it to other purpose, as vwho that by tryall of many vways had founde the  
vvorst,

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worſt, and through greate plentye vvas fallen into great penurie. This poētic I knowe, so haue bene much vſed of the author, and to ſuche like effecte, as fyſte Narciflus ſpake it.

October.



Ægloga decima.

A R G V M E N T.

I N Cuddie is ſet out the perfecte paterne of a Poete, whisbe finding no maintenaunce of his ſtate and ſtudies, complaiyeth of the contempe of Poerie, and the cauſes thereof: Specially hauing bene in all ages, and enen amogſt the moſt barbarous alwayes of ſingular account & honor, & being indeed ſo worthy and commendable an arte: or rather no arte, but a diuine gift and heauenly iſtinct not to bee gotten by laboure and learning, but adorneed with both: and poured into the witte by a certayne abuenaq[ue] and celeſtiall iſpiration, as the Aucther hereof els where at large diſcourceſh, in hiſ booke called the English Poete, which booke bring lately come to my bands, I mynde alſo by Gods grace vpon further aduifeſment to publiſh.

Pierce.

Cuddie.

C Vddie, ſox ſharne hold vp thy heauyc head,  
And let vs caſt wiſh what deliȝt to chace:

R.4.

And

## October.

And weary thys long lengering Phœbus race.  
Whilome thou wont the shepheards ladder to leade,  
In rymes, in riddles, and in bydding base:  
Now they in theer, and thou in sleepe art dead  
Cudde.

Piers. I have pyped erly so long with Payne,  
That all mine Den reedes beme rent and woe:  
And my poore Spouse hath spent her spared stoe,  
Pet little good hath gote, and much lesse gayne.  
Such pleasaunce makes the Grashopper so poore,  
And ligge so layd, when Winter doth her straine:

The dapper ditties, that I wont devise,  
To feede pouches fancie, and the flocking fry,  
Delighten much: what I the best for thy?  
They han the pleasure, I a scender pris.  
I beate the bush, the byrds to them doe flye:  
What good therelof to Cuddie can arise?

Pires.

Cuddie, the yapple is better, then the pice,  
The glory eke much greater then the gayne:  
O what an honoū is it, to restraine  
The lust of lawlesse youth with good advise:  
O prickē them sooth with pleasaunce of thy vaine,  
Whereto thou list their trayned willes entice.

Soone as thou gynyst to settē thy notes in frame,  
O how the rural routes to thee doe cleave:  
Seemeth thou dost their soule of fence bereave,  
All as the shepheard, that did fetch his dame  
From Plaues balefull bowre withouten leauer  
His musicks might the hellish hound di come.

Cudde.

So paysen habes the Peacoks spotted traue,  
And wondren at bright Argus blazing eye:  
But who rewards him ere the moze for thy?  
O feedes him once the fuller by a graine?

Sike

October.

fol. 41

Hike prayse is smoke, that sheddeth in the skye,  
Hike wordes bene wynd, and wasten soone in bayne.

Piers.

Abandon then the base and biler clowne,  
Lyft vp thy selfe out of the lowly dust:  
And sing of bloody Mars, of wars, of giustis,  
Turne thee to thole, that weld the awful crowne.  
To doubted Knights, whose woundlesse armour rustis,  
And helmes vnbuzed wesen dayly brotone.

There may thy Muse display her flutteryng wing,  
And stretch her selfe at large from East to West:  
Whither thou list in sayre *Elisa* rest,  
Or if thee please in bigger notes to sing,  
Advantise the worthy whome shee loueth best,  
That first the white beare to the stake did bring.

And when the stubborne stroke of stronger soundis,  
Has somewhat slackt the tenor of thy string:  
Of loue and lustihead tho mayst thou sing,  
And carrol lowde, and leade the Myller's rounde,  
All were *Elisa* one of thylke same ring.  
So mought our Cuddies name to Heauen sounde.

Cuddye.

Indeede the Romish *Tityrus*, I heare,  
Through his *Mecenas* left his *Daten* reede,  
Whereon he earth had caught his flockes to feede,  
And laboured lands to yield the timely eare,  
And est did sing of warres and deadly drede,  
So as the Heauenis did quake his verse to here.

But ah *Mecenas* is yclad in claye,  
And great *Augustus* long ygoe is dead:  
And all the worshies liggen wapt in leade,  
That matter made for Poets on to play:  
For euer, who in derring doe were dreade,  
The lokie verse of hem was loued aye.

L.

## October.

But after vertue gan for age to scoupe,  
And mighty manhode brought a bedde of ease:  
The baunting Poets found nougnt worth a pease,  
To put in preace emong the learned troupe.  
Tho gan the stremes of flowing wittes to cease,  
And sonnchright honour pend in shamefull coupe.

And if that any buddes of Poesie,  
Yet of the old stocke gan to shoote agayne :  
Or it mens follies mote be forst to sayne,  
And ralle with rest in rymes of rybaudye.  
Or as it sprong, it wither must agayne:  
Tom Piper makes vs better melodie.

Piers.

O pierlesse Poesye, where is then the place?  
If nof in Princes pallace thou doe sit:  
(And yet is Princes pallace the most fitt)  
Ne brest of baser birth doth thee embazace.  
Then make thee winges of thine alpyng wit,  
And, whence thou camst, flye backe to heauen apace.

Cudie.

Ah Percy it is all to weake and wanne,  
So high to soze, and make so large a flight:  
Her peeced pyneons bene not so in plight,  
For Colin fittes such famous flight to scanne:  
He, were he not with loue so ill bedight,  
Would mount as high, and sing as soote as Swanne.

Pires

Ah son, for loue doez teach him climbe so hie,  
And lyftes him by out of the loathsome myze:  
Such immortall mirrhoz, as he doth admire,  
Would rayse ones mynd aboue the starry skie.  
And cause a capteine corage to aspire,  
For lofty loue doth loath a lowly eye.

All otherwise the state of Poet stands,  
For lordly loue is such a Tyranne fell:  
That where he rules, all power he doth expell.

The

October.

fol. 42

The baunted berse a vacant head bemaundes,  
Ne wont with trabbet care the Muses dwell,  
Unwisenly weanes, that takes two webbes in hand.

Who euer castis to compasse weightye prisle,  
And thinkis to thowre out thondring words of threate:  
Let powre in lauish cups and thifte hitis of meate,  
For Bacchus fruite is frend to Phœbus wile,  
And when with Wine the braine begins to sweate,  
The noimbers flowe as fast as syring doth rysle.

Thou kenst not Percie howe the ryme shold rage.  
O if my temples were distaind with wine,  
And girt in girlonds of wild Vyne twine,  
How I could reare the Muse on stately frage,  
And teache her tread aloft in bul-kin fine,  
With queint Bellona in her equipage.

But ah my corage cooles ere it be warme,  
For thy content vs in thy humble shade:  
Where no such troublous tydes han vs assayde,  
Here we our slender pipes may safely charme.  
Pires.

And when my Gates shall han their bellies layd:  
Cuddie shall haue a Riddie to store his farme.

Cuddies Embleme.

*Agitante calescimus illo &c.*

G L O S S E .

This Eglogue is made in imitation of Theocritus his xvi. Idilion, ywherein hee repro  
ued the Tyranne Hiero of Syracuse for his niggardise towarde Poeres, in whome  
is the power to make men immortal for theyr good dedes, or shameful for their  
naughty lyfe. And the lyke also is in Mantuanus, The style hereof as also that in  
Theocritus, is more lostye then the rest, and applyed to the heigthe of Poeticall  
vvitte.

Cuddie] I doubt ee vwhether by Cuddie be specified the authour selfe, or some other. For  
L.ij. in.

## October.

in the eyght Eglogue the same person was brought in singing a Cantion of Colins making, as he sayth. So that some doubt, that the persons be different.

Vvhilome) sometime.      Oaten reedes) Auena.  
Ligge so layde) lye so Faynt and vnlyfye.      Dapper) pretye.  
Frye) is a bold Metaphore, forced from the spawning fishes, for the multitude of young fish be called the frye.

To restraine.) This place seemeth to consytre vwith Plato, who in his first booke de Leibus sayth, that the first inuention of Poetry vvas of very vertuous intent. For at what tyme an infinite number of youth vsually came to theyr great solemne feastes called Panegyricha, vwhich they vsed every ffe yeere to hold, some learned man being more hable then the rest, for speciall gyftes of wytte and Musick, vwould take vpon him to sing fine verses to the people, in prayse eyther of vertue or of victory or of immortality or such like. At whose wonderfull gyft al men being astonied and as it were rawished, vwith delight, thinking (as it was indeed) that he vwas inspired from aboue, called him vaterm: vwhich kinde of men afterward framing their verses to lighter musick (as of musick be many kinds, some ladder, some lighter, some martiall, some heroical: and so diuersely eke affect the myndes of men) found out lighter matter of Poesie also, some playing vvyth loue, some scorning at mens fashions, some povvted out in pleasures, and so vvere called Poetes or makers.

Sence hereaue) vwhat the secrete vworking of Musick is in the myndes of men, as well appeareth hereby, that some of the auncient Philosophers, and those the moste vwise, as Plato and Pythagoras held for opinion, that the mynd vvas made of a certayne harmonie and musicall numbers, for the great compassion & likenes of affection in thone and in the other as also by that memorable history of Alexander: to vvhom vwhen as Timotheus the great Musitian playd the Phrygian melodie, it is said, that he vvas distraught vwith such vnvonted fury, that streight vway rysing from the table in great rage, he caused himselfe to be armed, as ready to goe to vvarre (for that musick is very vvar like:) And immediatly when as the Musitian chaunged his stroke into the Lydian and Ionique harmony, he vvas so farr from warring, that he sat as fly, as if he had bene in mattes of counsell. Such might is in musick. vvhetherfore Plato and Aristotle forbide the Aradian Melodie from children and youth, for that heing altogether on the synt and vij, tone, it is of great force to molifie and quench the kindly courage, vwhich vseth to burne in yong brests. So that it is not incredible whicli the Poete here sayth, that Musick can iacrease the soule offensce.

The shepheard that) Orpheus: of whom is sayd, that by his excellent skil in Musick and Poetry, he recovered his wife Eurydice from hell.

Argus eyes) of Argus is before said, that Juno to him committed hir husband Iupiter his Paragon 16, bicause he had an hundred eyes: but afterwarde Mercury vvyth hys Mulick lulling Argus aslepe, slewv him and brought 16 away, vvhose eyes it is sayd that Juno for his eternal memory placed in her byrd the Peacockes tayle. for those coloured spots indeede resemble eyes.

VVoundlesse armour) vnvounched in warre, doe rust through long peace.

Display) A poetical metaphor: vvhicke of the meaning is, that if the Poet list shovve his skill

skil in matter of more dignitie, then is the homely Aeglogue, good occasion is him offered of higher veyne and more Heroicall argument, in the person of our most gratiouse soueraign, vvhō (as before) he calleth Elisa. Or if mater of knight-hooде and cheualtrie please him better, that therē be many Noble & valiaunte men, that are both vvorthy of his payne in theyr deserued prayses, and also fauourers of hys skil and faculty.

The vvorthy he meanerth (as I guesse) the most honorable and renowned the Erle of Leycester, vvhō by his cognisance (aloughl the same be also proper to other) rather then by his name he bevvrayeth, being not likely, that the names of noble princes be knovvn to country clovynē.

Slack) that is vvhēn ihou chaungest thy verse from stately discourse, to matter of moro pleauance and delight.

The Millers) a kind of daunce.

Ring) company of dauncers.

The Romish Tityrus) vvel kniowē to be Virgile, who by Mecænas means vvas brought into the fauor of the Emperor Augustus, and by him moued to vwrite in lostier kinde, then he erst had doen.

VVhereon) in these three verses are the three feuerall vvorkeſ of Virgile intended. For in reaching his flockes to feede, is meant his Aeglogues. In labouring of lands, is hys Bucoliques. In singing of vvars and deadly dreade, is hys diuine Eneis figured.

In derring doe) In manhoode and cheualtrie.

For euer) He shewyth the cause, vvhō Poetes vvere wont be had in such honor of noble men; that is, that by them their vvorthines & valor shold through theyr famous Poies be cōmended to al poſtenties. vvhērefore it is sayd, that Achilles had neuer bene ſo famous, as he is, but for Homeres immortal verſes, vvhich is the only aduantage, vvhich he had of Hector. And also that Alexander the great cōming to his tombe in Sigeus, vvhith natuſal teares blessed him, that euer vvas his hap to be honoured vvhith ſo excellente Poets work: as ſo renowned and ennobled only by hys meaneſ vvhich being declared in a moſt eloquent Oration of Tullies, is of Petrarch no leſſe worthily ſette forth in a ſonet

Giunto Alexandro a la famosa tomba

Del fero Achille ſpirando diffe

O fortunato che ſi chiara tromba. Trouati &c.

And that ſuch account hath bene alwayes made of Poetes, as vvhell shewyth this that the vvorthy Scipio in all his vvarres againſt Carthage and Numantia had cuermore in his company, and that in a moſt familiar ſort the good olde Poet Ennius: as also that Alexander destroying Thebes, vvhēn he vwas enformed that the famous Lyric Poer Pindarus vvas borne in that citie, nor onely commaunded ſtreightly, that no man ſhould vpon payne of death do any violence to that house by fire or oþerwisič: but also ſpecially ſpared moſt, and ſome highly rewardeſ, that vvere of hys kinne. So faououred he the only name of a Poete. vvhych prayſe otherwiſe vwas in the fame man no leſſe famous, that when he came to ransacking of king Darius cofers, vvhom he lately had ouerthrown, he founde in a little coffer of ſiluer the two bookeſ of Homers vvorkeſ, as layd vp there ſo ſpeciall ievvells and riccheſſe, vvhich he taking thence, put one of them dayly in his bosome, and dhother euery night layd vnder his pillowc.

L.3.

Such

Q

## October.

Such honor haue Poetes alwayes found in the sight of princes and noble men,  
vwhich this author here very well sheweth, as els vvhile more notably.

But after) he sheweth the cause of contempt of Poetry to be idlenesse and basenesse of  
mynd. Pente) shut vp in flouth, as in a coope or cage.

Tom piper) An Ironicall Sacrasmus, spoken in derision of these rude vvis, vvhich make  
more account of a ryting rybaud, then of skill grounded vpon learning and  
judgment.

Ne brest) the meaner sort of men. Her pecced pineons) vnprefect skil. Spoken  
vvyth humble modeſtie.

As ſoote as Svanne) The comparison ſeemeth to be ſtrange: for the ſwanne hath euer  
vyonne ſmall commendation for her ſweete ſinging: but it is ſayd of the learned  
that the ſwan a little before his death, ſingeth moft pleafantly, as propheſcyng  
by a ſecrete iuſtice her neare deſtinie. As vvel ſayth the Poete elſwhere in one  
of his ſonets.

The ſiluer ſwanne doth ſing before her dying day

As ſhee that ſeekes the deepe delight that is in death &c.

Immortall myrrhour) Beauty, vvhich is an excellent obiect of Poeticall ſpirites, as appea-  
reth by the wyrdly Petrachs ſaying.

Fiorir faceua il mio debile ingegno

A la ſua ombra, et crescer ne gli affanni.

A caytive cotage) a bafe and abieſt minde.

For lofty loue) I think this playing with the letter to be rather a fault then a figure, afwel  
in our English tongue, as it hath bene alwayes in the Latine, called Cacozelon.

A vacant) imitated Mantuanes ſaying. vacuum curis diuina cerebrum Poscit.

Lauish cups) Reſembled that comen verſe Fæcundi calices quen non fecete diſertum.

O if my) He ſeemeth here to be rauiſhed with a Poetical ſurie. For (if one rightly mark)  
the numbers riſe ſo ful, & the verſe groweth ſo big, that it ſeemeth he hath for-  
got the meaneſſe of ſhepheards ſtate and ſtyle.

VVildyue) for it is dedicated to Bacchus & therefore it is ſayd that the Mænades (that is  
Bacchus frantickle priſtes) vfed in theyr ſacrifice to carry Thyrſos, which were  
poined ſtaues or Iauelins, vvrapped about with yue.

In buſkin) it vvas the maner of Poetes & plaiers in tragedies to were buſkins, as also in  
Comedies to vſe ſtockes & light ihoes. So that the buſkin in Poetry is vſed for  
tragiſcal matter, as it faid in Virgile. Sola ſophocleo tua carmina digna cothurno.  
And the like in Horace, Magnum loqui, natiue cothurno.

Queint) ſtrange Bellona; the goddeſſe of batteſte, that is Pallas, which may therefore wel  
be caſted queint for that (as Lucian ſaith) vvhile Iupiter his father was in trauie  
of her, he caſted his ſonne Vulcane with his axe to hevve his head. Out of which  
leaped forth luſtily a valiant darmell armed at all poynetes, vvhom ſeeing Vul-  
cane ſo faire & comely, lightly leaping to her, profeſted her ſome cortefie, which  
the Lady diſdeigning, ſhaked her ſpear at him, and threatened his ſaucineſſe.  
Therefore ſuch brauugeneſſe is vwell applied to her.

Æquipage) ordet. Tydes) ſeaſons.

Charmes) temper and order. for Charmes were wynt to be made by verſes as Ouid  
ſayth. Aut ſi carminibus.

Embleme.

October

fol. 44

Embleme.

Hereby is meant, as also in the vvhole course of this Aeglogue, that Poetry is a diuine instinct and vnnatural rage passing the reache of comen reason. VVhom Piers answereth Epiphonematicos as admiring the excellency of the skyll vvhereoſ in Cuddie hee hadde alreadye hadde a taste.

Nouember.



Aegloga undecima.

ARGUMENT.

In this xi. Aeglogue be bewayleth the death of some mayden of greate bloud, whom be calleth Dido. The personage is secrete, and to me altogether vnkowne, albe of him selfe I often required the same. This Aeglogue is made in imitation of Marot his song, which be made vpon the death of Loys the frenche Queene. But farre passing his reache, and in myne opinion all other the Elogues of this booke.

Thenot.

Colin.

C Olin my deare, when shall it please thee sing,  
As thou were wont songs of some iouiaunce?  
Thy Muse to long flowbereth in sorrowing,  
Lulled a sleepe through loues misgouvernaunce,

L.4.

Holm

## Nouember.

Now somewhat sing, whose endles souenantace,  
Among the shepheards swaines may ape remaine,  
Whether thee kill thy loued lasse aduaunce,  
Or honor Pan with hymnes of higher vaine,

Colin.

Thenot, now nis the tyme of mertinake.  
Nor Pan to herpe, nor wch lone to playe:  
Sike myrh in May is meetest fox to make,  
O summer shafe vnder the cocked hape.  
But nowe sadde Wnter welked hath the day,  
And Phebus weary of his perey caske:  
Plasted hath his steedes in lowlye lape,  
And taken vp his ynne in Fiskes haske.  
Thilke sollein season lader plight doth ake:  
And loatheth like delightes, as thou doest prayse:  
The moynefull Muse in myrh now liff ne maske,  
As shee was wont in youngth and sommet daves.  
But if thou algate lust lighte virelayes,  
And looser songes of loue to vndersong  
Who but thy selfe deserues like Poetes prayse?  
Believe thy Dacen pypes, that sleepen long.

Thenot.

The Nightingale is souereigne of song,  
Besore him sits the Titmose silene bee:  
And I unfeare to thrust in l-kelfull thonge,  
Should Colm make ludge of my foolerie.  
May better learne of hem, that learned bee,  
And han be watered at the Muses well:  
The kindye dewedrops from the higher tree,  
And wees the little plants that lowly dwell.  
But if sadde winters wmathe and season chill,  
Accorde not with thy Muses meriment:  
To lader times thou mayst attune thy quill,  
And sing of sorwowe and deaches dreament.  
For deade is Dido, dead alas and brenet,  
Dido the grcate shephearde his daughter cheener:

The

# Nouember.

fol. 45

The lappell May she was that euer went,  
Her like Shee has not left behinde I weene.  
And if thou wolt bewayle my wosfull tene:  
I shall thee giue yond Collet for thy payne:  
And if thy rymes as round and ruffull bene,  
As those that did thy Rosalind complayne,  
Much greater gyftes for guerdon thou shalt gayne,  
Then Bidde or Collet, whiche I thee bynempt:  
Then vp I say, thou tolly shepeheard swayne,  
Let not my small demaund be so contempt.

Cokin.

I benot ta that I choose, thou doest me tempte,  
But ah to well I wote my humble vaine,  
And howe my rymes bene rugged and unkempt:  
Yet as I come, my conning I will strayne.

**V**IP then Melpomene thou mournefulst Muse of nyne,  
Such cause of mourning never hadst afore:  
Up griesle ghostes and vp my ruffull ryme,  
Watter of mych now shalt thou hane no more.  
For dead shee is, that mych thee made of yore.  
Did my deare alas is dead,  
Dead and lyech wrapt in lead:  
O heauie herse,  
Let streaming teares be poured out in stoe:  
O carefull verse.

Shepheards, that by your flocks on Kentish downes abyde,  
Waile ye this wosfull waste of natures warke:  
Waile we the wight, whose presence was our pypde :  
Waile we the wight, whose absence is our carke.  
The sonne of all the wold is dimme and darke:  
The earth now lackg her wonted light,  
And all we dwell in deadly night,  
O heauie herse,  
Breake we our pypes, that shuld as lowde as Larke,  
Dearefull verse.

M.

Whp

## Nouember.

Whyn doe we longer liue, (ah why liue we so long)  
Whose better bates death hath shut up in woes:  
The fayrest floure our gyplond all emong,  
Is fayed quite and into dust ygoe.

Sing now ye shepheards daughters, sing no moe  
The songs that Colin made in her prayse,  
But into weeping turne your wanton layes,  
O heauie herle,  
Now is time to dye. May time was long ygoe,  
O carefull verse.

Whence is it, that the flouret of the field doth fade,  
And lyeth buryed long in Winters bale:  
Ver soone as syng his mante doth displaye,  
It floureth fresh, as it shold never sople:  
But thynge on earth that is of most abasle,  
As vertues braunch and beauties budde.  
Reliuen not for any good.

O heauie herle,  
The braunch once dead, the budde eke needes must quaille,  
O carefull verse.

She while she was, (that was, a woful woyd to sayne)  
For beauties prayse and plesaunce had no pere:  
So well she couch the shepheards entercayne,  
With cakes and crakeknels and such country cheare.  
He would she scorne the simple shepheards swaine,  
For she would cal hem often heme  
And giue hem curds and clouted Creame.

O heauie herle,  
Als Colin cloute she would not once disdayne.  
O carefull verse.

But nowe like happy cheere is turnd to heauie chaunce,  
Such plesaunce now displaist by dolors dñe:  
All Musick sleepes, where death doth leade the daunce,  
And shepherds wanted solace is extinct,  
The blewe in black, the greene in gray is tyme,

The

## Nouember.

fol. 46

The gaudie girldis deck her graue,  
The faved flowres her corfe embraue.  
O heauie herse,  
Moane nowe my Muse, now moane with teares besprinc.  
O carefull verse.

O thou greate shepheard Lobbins, how great is thy griefe,  
Wher bene the nosegapes that she dight for thee:  
The colourd chaplets wrought with a chiele,  
The knotted culhrings, and gilt Rosemaries?  
For shee deemed nothing too deere for thee.  
Ah they bene all yclad in clay,  
One bitter blast blewe all away.  
O heauie herse,  
Thereof nought remaynes but the memorie.  
O carefull verse.

By me that drearie death should strike so mortall stroke,  
That can undoe Dame natures kindly course:  
The faved lockes fall from the loftie oke,  
The flouds do gaspe, for dypped is theys course,  
And flouds of teares flowe in theys stead perforce.  
The mamlid medowes moaine,  
Theys sondry colours tojune.  
O heauie herse,  
The heauens doe melt in teares without remoile.  
O carlesfull verse.

The feeble flockes in field refuse their somer foode,  
And hang theys heads, as they would learne to weape:  
The beastes in forest mayle as they were woode,  
Except the Woles, that chasse the wandring sheepe:  
Now she is gon that safely did hem keepe,  
The Turtell on the bared braunch,  
Lamentes the wound, that death did launch.

O heauie herse,  
End Philomile her song with teares doch steepe.  
O carefull verse.

## November.

The water Nymphs, that wont with her to sing and daunce,  
And for her girldond Elue braunches beare,  
Now balefull boughes of Cypres doen aduaunce:  
The Muses, that were wont greene bayes to weare,  
Now bringen bitter Elde braunches leare,  
The fatall sisters eke repente,  
Her vitall chrede so loone wa's spene.  
O heauie herse,

Nowic now my Muse, now moyne with heauie cheare.  
O carefull verse.

O crucklesse state of earthly thynge, and slipper hope  
Of mortall men, that swincke and swrate for noughe,  
And shooting wide, doe misse the marked scope;  
Now haue I leard (a lesson derely bought)  
That nys on earth assuraunce to be sought:  
For what might be in earthlie mould,  
That did her buried body hould.

O heauie herse,  
Yet saw I on the beare when it was brought  
O carefull verse.

But maugre death, and dreaded sisters deadly spight,  
And gates of hel, and syrie furies forse:  
She hath the bonds broke of eternall night,  
Her soule unbodied of the burdenous coppse.  
Why then weepes Lobbis so without remorse?

O Lobb, thy losse no longer lament,  
Dido nis dead, but into heauen went.

O happye herse,  
Cease now my Muse, now cease thy sorowes sourse,  
O toyfull verse.

Why wayle we then? why weary we the Gods with playnts,  
As if some euill were to her betyme?  
She raignes a goddesse now emong the saintes,  
That whilome was the saynt of shepheards lighc:  
And is enstalled nowe in heauens hight.

# Nouember.

fol.47

I see thee blessed soule, I see,  
Walke in Elysian fieldes so free.

O happy herse,  
Wight I once come to thee (O that I mishe)  
O toyfull verse.

Unwise and wretched men to weete what's good or ill,  
We deeme of Death as doome of ill desert :  
But knewe we fooles, what it vs bringes vntil,  
Dye would we dayly, once it to expert.

No daunger there the Shepheard can affter:  
Fayre fieldes and pleasaunt layes there bene,

The fieldes ay fresh, the grasse ay greene:

O happy herse,  
Take hast ye Shepheards, whether to rever,  
O toyfull verse.

Dido is gone afore (whose turne shall be the next?)  
There liues shee with the blessed Gods in blisse,  
There drincks she Nectar with Ambrosia mixt,  
And ioyes enioyes, that mortall men doe misse.  
The hono<sup>r</sup> now of highest gods she is,  
That whilome was poore Shepheards pyde,  
While here on earth she did abyde.

O happy herse,  
Cease now my song, my woe now wasted is.  
O toyfull verse.

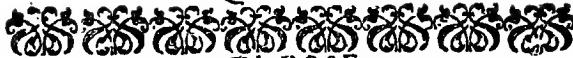
Thenot.

Ay francke Shepheard, how bene thy verses meine  
With dooful pleasure, so as I ne wotte,  
Whether reioyce or weepe for great constraines?  
Thyne be the cosette, well hast thou moyned hast,  
Up Colin up, ynough thou moyned hast,  
Now gynnes to mzelle, bye we homeward fast.

Colins Embleme.

## *La mort ny mord.*

# Nouember.



## GLOSSE.

Iouisaunce) myrrh.      Soueraunce) remembrance.      Herie) honours.  
VVelked) shortned or empayred. As the Moone being in the vvaine is sayde of Lidgate  
to vvelk.  
In lovyly lay) according to the season of the moneth Nouember, when the sonne deavv-  
eth low in the South toward his Tropick or returne.  
In fishes haske) the sonne, reingheth that is, in the signe Pisces all Nouember. a haske is  
a vvicker pad, wherein they vse to cary fish.  
Virelaies) a light kind of song.  
Bee vvatted) For it is a saying of Poetes, that they haue dronk of the Muses vwell Castlias,  
vvhervof vvas before suffiently layd.  
Dreiment) dreery and heawy cheere.  
The great sheperd) is some man of high degre, and not as some vainely suppose God  
Pan. The person both of the shephearde and of Dido is vnknowven and closely  
buried in the Authors conceit. But out of doubt I am, that it is not Rosalind,  
as some imagin: for he speakeþ soone after of her alio.  
Shenc) fayre and stuning.      May) for mayde.      Tene) sorrow.  
Guerdon) reward.      Bynempt) bequethed.      Coser) a lambe brought  
vp without the dam. Vnketempt) Iscopia. Not comed, that is rude & vrhanforme.  
Melpomene) The fadde and waylefull Muse vted of Poets in honor of Tragedies: as faith  
Virgile Melpomene Tragico proclamat mæsta boatu .  
Vp griesly goests) The maner of Tragical Poetes, to call for helpe of Furies and damned  
ghostes: so is Hecuba of Euripides, and Tantalus brought in of Seneca. And the  
rest of the rest.      Herie) is the solemne obsequie in funeralles.  
VVast of) decay of so beautifull a peec.      Caske) care.  
. Ah vvhy) an elegant Epanorthosis, as also soone after.      vay time was long ago.  
Flouret) a dimumtune for a litle floure. This is a notable and sententious comparisoun A  
minote ad magnus.  
Reliuyn not) liue not againe f. not in theyr earthly bodies: for in heaven they enioy their  
due reward.  
The branch) He meaneith Dido, vvhoso being, as it vvere the mayne braunch now twi-  
thered the buddes that is beautie (as he sayd afore) can nomore flourishe.  
VVith cakes) fit for shepheards banquets.      Heame) for home. after the northerne  
pronouncing.      Tuift) dyed or stayned.  
The gaudie) the meaning is, that the things, which vvere the ornaments of her lyfe, are  
made the honor of her funerall, as is vset in burials.  
Lobbin) the name of a shepherd, vvhich seemeth to haue bene the lower & dcre frende  
of Dido.      Ruthings) agreeable for such base gyftes  
Faded lockes) dried leaues, As if Nature her selfe bewayled the deaſt of the Mayde.  
Sowſe) ſpring.      Mantled medowes) for the ſondry flowres are like a  
Mande or couerlet vvtrought vvit many colours.  
Philomele) the Nightingale . vvhom the Poetes ſaint once to haue bene a Ladye  
of great beauty, till being tauished by hir ſisters hufbande, ſhe deſired to be ux-  
ried

ned into a byrd of her name. vvhose complaintes be very vwell set forth of Ma. George Gafkin a wittie gentleman, and the very chefe of our late tymers, vvhoso and if some partes of learning wanted not (albee it is vwell knowven he althog-  
ther vwanted not learning) no doubt would haue attayned to the excellencye of those famous Poets. For gifts of wit and naturall promptnesse appere in hym a boundantly.

**Cytesse**) vised of the old Paynims in the furnishing of their funerall Pompe, and proper-  
ly of all sorrow and heauiness.

The fatall sisters) Clotho Lachesis and Atropodas, daughters of Hérebus and the Nighte,  
whom the Poetes sayne to spinne the life of man, as it were a long thred, which they dravve out in length, till his fatal hovre & untly death be come; but if by other casaultie his dayes be abridged, then one of them, that is Atropos, is sayde  
to haue cut the thred in twain. Hereof commeth a common verse.

Clotho colum baiulat, lachesis trahit, Atropos occat.

**O** trustlesse) a gallant exclamation moralized vwith great vvisedom and passionate wyth  
great affection. **Beare**) a frame wheron they vfe to lay the dead corse.

**Furirs**) of Poetes be seyned to be three, Persephone Alecto and Meagera, vvhich are sayd  
to be the Authours of all euill and mischiefe.

**Eternall myght**) Is death or darknesse of bell. **Betight**) happened,

**I see**) A lively Icon, or representation as if he saw her in heauen present.

**Elysian fieldes**) be deuided of Poetes to be a place of pleasure like Paradise, where the hap-  
py soules doe rest in peace and eternal happynesse.

**Dye** would) The very espessle saying of Plato in Phædone.

**Aftir**] befall vnvvares.

**Nectar** and **Ambrosia**) be seigned to be the drink and foode of the gods: Ambrosia they  
likē to Manna in scripture and Nectar to be vwhite like Creme, vwhereof is a  
proper tale of Hebe, that spilt a cup of it, and stayned the heauens, as yet appea-  
reth. But I haue already discoursed that at large in my Commentarye vpon the  
dreames of the same Authour. **Meynt**) Mingled.

Embleme.

**VV**hich is as much to say, as death biteth not. For although by courſe of nature we be  
borne to dye, and being ripened with age, as vvit a timely haruſt, vve must be  
gathered in time, or els of our felues vve fall like rotted ripe fruite fro the treſ:  
yet death is not to be counted for euil, nor (as the Poete sayd a little before) as  
doome of ill desert. For though the trespass of the first man bro ught death in  
to the world, as the guerdon of sinne, yet being overcome by the death of one,  
that dyed for al, it is nowv made (as Chaucer sayth) the grene path way to lyfe.  
So that it agreeth vcell vvit that vvas sayd, that Death byteth not (that is) hur-  
testh not at all.

## December.



## Ægloga Duodecima.

### ARGUMENT.

**T**HIS Æglogue (even as the first beganne) is ended with a complaynte of Colin to God Pan, wherein as weary of his former wayes, he proportioneth his life to the four seasons of the yeare; comparing hys youthe to the spring time, when he was fresh and free from loues follye. His manhoode to the sommer, which he sayth was consumed with greate heate and excessiue drouthe caused throught a Comet or blasinge Starre, by which bee meaneþ loue, which passion is conueniently compared to such flames and inmoderate heate. His riper yeares boþ resemblith to an unseasonable barueste wherint he frutes fall ere they be ripe. His latter age to winters chyll & frostie season, now drawing neare to his last ende.



He gentle shepheard satte beside a springe,  
All in the shadowe of a bushye bære,  
That Colin hight, which wel could pyue and singe,  
For he of Tityrus his songs did lere.  
There as he satte in secrete shade alone,  
Thus gan he make of leue his piteous moane.

December.

fol. 49

O soueraigne *Pan* thou God of Shepheards all,  
Whiche of our tender Lambkins takest keeper:  
And when our flocks into mischaunce mought fall,  
Doest sauue from mischiefe the unwary sheepe:  
Als of their maisters hast no lesse regarde,  
Then of the flocks, which thou doest watch and warden:

I thee beseeche (so be thou desygne to heare,  
Rude ditties tund to Shepheards Datten feede,  
Or if I ever sonet song so cleare,  
As it with pleasurence mought thy fancie feede)  
Hearkest awhile from thy greene cabinet,  
The rurall song of carefull Colinet.

Whilorne in yowch, when flowyd my toþfull spring,  
Like Swallow swift I wandred here and there:  
For heate of heedlesse lust me so did sting,  
That I of doubtes daunger had no feare.  
I went the wastefull woodes and forest wyde,  
Withouten dreade of Wolves to bene espyed.

I wond to raunge amyddre the mazie thickette,  
And gather nuttes to make me Christmas gamee:  
And soyd oþt to chace the trembling Pricket,  
Or hunt the hartlesse hare, til shee were tame.  
What wreaked I of wintrye ages waste,  
Tho deemeid I, my spring would euer laste.

How often haue I scaled the craggie Oke,  
All to dislodge the Rauen of her nestle:  
Howe haue I wearied with many a stroke,  
The stately Walnut tree, he while the rest  
Under the tree fell all for nutz at strife:  
For ylike to me was libertee and lyfe.  
  
And for I was in thilke same looser peares,  
(Whether the Muse, so wrought me from my birth,  
Or I to much beleevned my shepherd peres)  
Somedede ybent to song and musicks mirth.

## December.

A good olde shephearde, *Wrenock*, was his name,  
Made me by art more cunning in the same.

Fro thence I durst in derring to compare  
With Shepheards swayne, what euer fedde in field:  
And if that Hobbinol right iudgement bare,  
To Pan his owne selfe pype I neede not yield.

For if the flocking Nymphes did folow Pan,  
The wiser Nyses after Coliu ranne.

But ah such pyde at length was ill repayde,  
The Shepheards God (perdie God was he none)  
My hurdesse pleasaunce did me ill vppairede,  
My scedome loyne, my life he lefte to mone.

Loue they him called, that graue me checkmate,  
But better mought they haue behote him Date.

Tho gan my louely Spying bid me farewel,  
And Sommer season sped him to display  
(For loue then in the Lyons house did dwel) *lyng*  
The raging fyre, that kindled at his ray.

A comett stird vp that unkindly heate,  
that reigned (as men sayd) in *venus* seate.

Forth was I ledde, not as I wont afore,  
When chose I had to choose my wandring waye:  
But whether luck and loues unþrided loye  
Would leade me forth on fancies bitte to playe.

The bush my bedde, the Bramble was my bowre,  
The Woodes can witnessse many a wofull stowre.

Where I was wont to seek the honey Bee,  
Working her formall rowmes in Wexen frame:  
The gressle Codestooke growne there mought I se  
And loathed Paddockes loyding on the same.  
And where the chaunting birds luld me a sleepe,  
The ghastlie Dwle her grieuous ynne doth keepe.

Then

Then as the springe gives place to elder time,  
And bringeth with the fruite of sommers yarde:  
Also my age now passed youngchly pyme,  
To thinges of typer reason seise applyed.

And learned of lighter timber cotes to frame,  
Such as might save my sheepe and me fro chante.

To make fine cages for the Nightingale,  
And Bas-kets of bulrushes was my wont:  
Who to entrappe the fish in winding saile  
Was better scene, or hurtful beatles to honge?  
I learned als the signes of heauen to ken,  
How Phoebe sayles, where Venus sittes and when.

And tyred time yet taught me greater thinges,  
The sodain rysing of the raging seas:  
The soothe of byrds by beating of their wings,  
The power of herbes, both which can hurt and ease:  
And which be wont to tenrage the restless sheepe,  
And which be wont to wokе eternall sleepe.

But ah vntuisse and wicelße Colin cloute,  
That kydest the hidden kyns of many a webe:  
Yet kydest not one to cure thy soze hart roote,  
Whose ranckling wound as yet does rifelye bleede.  
Why liuest thou stil, and yet hast thy deaches wound?  
Why dyest thou stil, and yet aliae art sounde?

Thus is my sommer woxne away and wasted,  
Thus is my haruest hastened all to rache:  
The eare that budded faire, is burnt & blasted,  
And all my hoped gaine is turnd to scathe.  
Of all the seede, that in my youth was sowne,  
Was nought but bakes and Brambles to be motone.

My boughes with bloosmes that crownden were at firste,  
And promised of timely fruite such store,  
Are leſt both bare and barren now at erſt:  
The flattir fruite is fallen to ground before.

## December.

And rotted, ere they were halfe mellow ripe:  
My haruest wast, my hope away oþo wipre.

The fragrant flowres, that in my garden grewe,  
Bene withered, as they had bene gathered long.  
They rootes bene dryed by lacke of dewe,  
Yet deuor with teares they han be euer among.  
Ah who has wrought my Rosalind this spight  
To spil the flowres, that shold her girlond dight,

And I, that whilome wote to frame my pype,  
Unto the shifting of the shepheards foote:  
Sike sollices nowe haue gathered as too ripe,  
And cast hem out, as rotten and vnsaote.  
The lyster Lasse I cast to please no manoze,  
One if I please, enough is me therfore.

And thus of all my haruest hope I haue  
Mouȝt reaped but a weedye crop of care:  
Whiche, when I thought haue iþreþt in swelling sheauie,  
Cockel foþ corne, and chaffe foþ barley bare.  
Soone as the chaffe shold in the fan be synd,  
All was blowne away of the wauering wynd.

So now my yeare diȝales to his latter termes,  
My spryng is spent, my somuernt burnt by quide:  
My harueste hals to stire by winter sterne,  
And bids him claspine with rigorous rage hys righte.  
So noȝt he stornes with many a sturdy stourne,  
So now his blustering blast eche coste doth scourse.

The carefull cold hath nppt my rugged rynde,  
And in my face deepe furrowes elo hath pigh:  
My head besprent with hoary frost I synd,  
And by myne eie the Crow his clawe dooth wright:  
Delight is layd abedde, and pleasure past,  
No sorrie now shives, cloudes han all ouerast.

Now leaue ye shepheards boyes your merry gles,  
My Musse is boarde and weary of thys stounde:

Vere

## December.

fol. 51

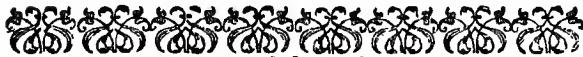
Here will I hang my pype vpon this tree,  
Was never pype of reede did better sounde.

Winter is come, that blowes the witer blaste,  
And after Winter drearie deatly coes hast.

Gather ye together my little flocke,  
My little flocke, that was to me so lise:  
Let me, ah lete me in pour folds ye locke,  
Ere the breme Winter breeede you greater griesse.  
Winter is come, that blowes the balefull breach,  
And after Winter commeth timely death.

Adieu delights, that lulled me asleepe,  
Adieu my deare, whose loue I bought so deare:  
Adieu my little Lambes and loued sheape,  
Adieu ye Woodes that oft my witnesse were:  
Adieu good Hobbinol, that was so true,  
Tell Rosalind, her Colin bids her adieu.

Colins Embleme.



### GLOSSE.

Tityrus) Chaucer as hath bene oft sayd.      Lambkins) young lambes.  
Als of then) Semeth to expresse Virgils verse      Pan curat oues ouiumque magistros.  
Deigne) youtchsafe.      Eabiner) Coliner) dumi nutines.  
Mazic) For they be like to a maze whence it is hard to get out agayne.  
Peres) felowes and companions.  
Mufick) that is Poetry as Terence sayth O in artem tractant musicam, speking of Poetes.  
Derring doe) aforclayd.  
Lions house) He imagineth simply that Cupid, vvhich is loue, had his abode in the whote  
    signe Leo, vvhich is in middest of lomer; a pretie allegory, vwhereof the meaning  
    is, that loue in him wrought an extraordinarie heare of lust.  
His ray) vvhich is Cupides beame or flames of Loue.  
A Comete) a blasing starre, meant of beautie, which vvas the cause of his vvh-te loue.  
Venus) the goddesse of beauty or pleasure. Also a signe in heauen, as it is here taken. So  
    he meaneth that beautie, which hath alvways aspect to Venus, vvas the cause of  
    all his vniquietnes in loue.  
VWhere I was) a fine discription of the chaunge of hys lyfe and likinges for all things nowe  
    seemed

## December.

seemed to hym to haue altered their kindly course.

Lording) Spoken after the maner of Paddocks and Frogges sitting which is indeed Lordly, not remouing nor looking once a side, vntill they besturred.

Then as) The second part. That is his manhood.

Cores) sheppcotes. for such be the exercises of shepheards.

Sale) or Saloww a kind of ywoodde like VVyllowv , fit to vvreath and bynde in leapes to  
catch fish vwithall.

Phæbe fayles) The Eclipse of the Moone, which is alwayes in Cauda or Capite Drac-  
onis, signes in heauen.

Venus) f. Venus sterte otherwise called Hesperus and Vesper and Lucifer, both because he seemeth to be one of the brightest starres, and also first ryseth and setteth last. All vwhich stell in starres being conuenient for shephearde to knowe as Theocritus and the rest vse.

Raging seas) The cause of the swelling and ebbing of the sea commeth of the course of the Moone, sometime increasing, sometime Wayning and decreasing.

**Sooth of byrdes**) A kind of sooth saying vsed in elder tymes, vvhich they gathered by the flying of byrds; First (as is sayd) iuuented by the Thylcane, and fro them deriu'd to the Romangs, vvhio (as is layd in Linie) were so superstitiously rooted in the same, that they agreed that every Noble man shold put his sonne to the Thylcane, by them to be brought vp in that knowledge.

**C**f herbs ) That wonderous things be wrought by herbes, as yvell appeareth by the common vverking of them in our bodies, as also by the wondrous enchauntments and forcest that haue bene vwright by them; insomuch that it is sayde that Circe a famous sorceresse turned nre into sondry kinds of beastes & Monsters, and only by herbes: as the Poete sayth Dea fatus potentibus herbis &c.

Kid) knewest. Eare) of corne. Scathe) losse hindrance.

Euer among) Euer and anone.

This is my). The thyrde parte vwherein is set forth his ripe yeres as an vntimely haruch,  
that bringeth little fruite.

The flgurant flowres) studie studies and laudable pattes of learning, vvhetherin how our Poete is seene, be they vvitnesse vvhich are priuie to his study.

So now my yeere) The last part, vwherein is described his age by comparison of vvyntre stornes.

Carefull cold) for care is sayd to coole the blood. Glee mirth)

**Hoary frost**) A metaphor of hoary heares scattered lyke to a gray frost.

Breeme) sharpe and bitter.

**Adievv delights)** is a conclusion of all. where in sixe verses he comprehendeth briefly all  
that vvas touched in this booke. In the first verse his delights of youth generally.  
in the second, the loue of Rosalind, in the thyrd, the keeping of sheepe, vvhich is  
the argyment of all *Elegogues*. In the fourth his complaints. And in the last two  
his professed friendship stid good vwill to his good friend Hobbinoll.

The meaning wherof is that all things perish and come to theyr last end, but works of learned vvis and monuments of Poetry abide for euer. And therefore Horace of this Odes a work though ful indee of great wit & learning, yet of no so great weight.

weight and importaunce boldly sayth.

Exegi monumentum aere perennius,  
Quod non imber nec aquilo vorax &c.

Therefore let not he enued, that this Poet in his Epilogue sayth he hath mad  
a Calendar, that shall endure as long as time &c. folowing the ensample of Ho  
sace and Ouid in the like.

Grande opus exegi quæ nec Iouis ira nec ignis,  
Nec serum potest nec edax abolere vetustas &c.



*Loe I haue made a Calender for every yeare,  
That Steele in streght, and time in durance shall outweare:  
And if I marked well the starres revolution,  
It shall continue we till the worlds dissolution.  
To teach the ruder shepheard how to feede his sheepe,  
And from the falsers fraud his folded flocke to keepe.  
Goe lyttle Calender, thou hast a free passeport,  
Goe but a lowly gate emongste the meaner sorte..  
Dare not to match thy pype with Tityrus bys style,  
Nor with the Pilgrim that the Ploughman playde awhyle:  
But followe them farre off, and their high steppes adore,  
The better please, the worse despise, I ake nomore.*

*Merce non mercede.*



*Imprinted at London by Hugh  
Singleton, dwelling in Creede lane  
at the signe of the gylden  
Tunne neare unto  
Ludgate.*























